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LOUIS ADAMIC . . . *Passage to the Future*

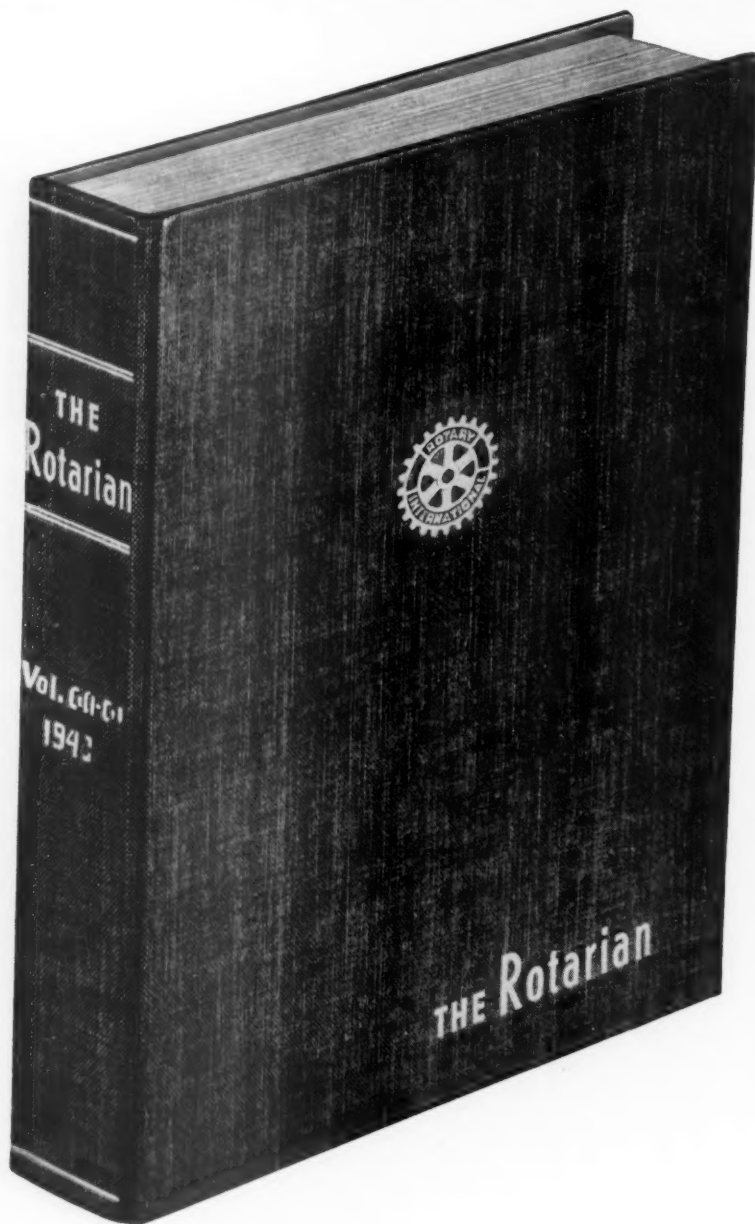
DEBATE . . . *Indian Independence: When?*

J. C. ASPLEY . . . *Retailers Have the Stuff!*

ELIZABETH HAWES . . . *Wake Up, Boys!*

March

Rotarian 1943



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Footnote on Coöperatives

From J. L. McCONAUGHY, *Rotarian*
President, United China Relief
New York, New York

I am sure a very large number of Rotarians will keenly enjoy reading Admiral Harry E. Yarnell's article in the February issue of THE ROTARIAN, regarding the Chinese coöperatives [*The Chinese Help Themselves*.]

I think they will also be interested to know that American support for this comes through United China Relief. Approximately one-half million dollars, from the gifts that Americans made to China, was used to further this work, by temporary loans to establish businesses, by the development of technical services here and in China, and by very simple inspection of, and advice to, the coöperatives. . . .

'Able . . . Sympathetic'

Comments W. H. GALLIENNE
British Consul General
Chicago, Illinois

I have read Virgil Pinkley's article, *Britain's Working Women* [January ROTARIAN], with much interest, and should like to express my congratulations on the able way in which it has been prepared. Also my thanks for the sympathetic manner of presentation.

'Ferdie' Included San Diego, Too

Informs FRED L. ANNABLE, *Rotarian*
Past Service
San Diego, California

THE SCRATCHPAD MAN on page 52 of the February ROTARIAN says President Carbajal on his West-coast tour reached "from Santa Ana to Seattle." San Diego is almost 100 miles farther south than Santa Ana, and here an intercity meeting brought members of 15 Clubs to a noon luncheon—including about one-half the members of the Tijuana, Mexico, Club. . . .

Re: Quints of Rutland

By WALTER B. SPENCER, *Rotarian*
Executive Secretary, Connecticut
Interscholastic Athletic Conference
New Haven, Connecticut

As a fellow Rotarian, I am writing you to express regret for the publication of the article in the February ROTARIAN titled *The Quints of Rutland*.

THE SCRATCHPAD MAN meant no harm, I'm reasonably sure, but considerable harm might result if other Clubs should start to emulate Rutland, Vermont. In most of the States of the union, including Connecticut, such a sponsorship of school basketball could not occur. . . .

'Profound . . . Magnificent'

Asserts O. W. COURSEY
Author and Lecturer
Mitchell, South Dakota

No article in THE ROTARIAN in recent months has made a more profound impression on my mind than *Salmon on the Peace Table*, by Edward W. Allen [February issue]. It is a magnificent finale to the article by Marc A. Rose, *Happy Days Again at Glouc'ster*, in your January issue.

As I strolled through Japan's harbors



Comment on ROTARIAN articles
by readers of THE ROTARIAN.

Talking it over

44 years ago, and watched the enormous number of small boats, fishing in her own waters, I became impressed with the relation of the fishing industry to Japan's food supply. Then, too, in the marts of her harbors (and no doubt elsewhere as well in the archipelago), one is equally impressed with the large number of people whom he sees at such places buying their daily food.

True—as Mr. Allen suggests—Pacific fishing should receive very careful consideration at the peace table.

A Salt Smeller Surprised

Says WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER
Director, Pollak Foundation
Newton, Massachusetts

That story you printed about fishermen on the Atlantic coast is a corker [*Happy Days Again at Glouc'ster*, by Marc A. Rose, January ROTARIAN]. My ancestors sent out fishing vessels more than 100 years ago and sent other ships around the world, and in a huge granite arch, on Atlantic Avenue, is cut the name "Foster's Wharf," and most of my life I have lived near enough to the New England coast to smell the salt, yet most of your article was news to me.

Hunt Should Be on List

Wires R. E. McWHINNIE, *Educator*
Governor, Rotary District 113
Laramie, Wyoming

REFERRING TO STATE GOVERNORS HOLDING ROTARY MEMBERSHIP PER PAGE 54 FEBRUARY ROTARIAN WE RESPECTFULLY PROTEST THE POSSIBLY UNINTENTIONAL BUT LIKEWISE UNNECESSARY OMISSION OF THE NAME OF HONORABLE L C HUNT MEMBER OF THE CHEYENNE CLUB FROM THIS LIST.

Also Senator Hill

Reports C. M. DANNELLY, *Rotarian*
Superintendent, Public Schools
Montgomery, Alabama

I send delayed thanks for your notice of my hobby some months ago, which is the collection of souvenir spoons, these now totalling nearly 800 and representing most of the countries of the earth. Many Rotary friends have been gracious in contributing to this very unusual collection.

In your February issue I note the omission of the name of United States Senator Lister Hill, from Alabama, who is an honorary member of the Montgomery Rotary Club.

Facetiously speaking, two of your illustrations caused comment—namely, the map on page 35, where our State of Alabama has its name omitted. Perhaps it is so well known that it is the only State shown which can well bear

such neglect! As a schoolman and a father interested not excessively in cases of corporal punishment, I refer to your cartoon on page 3, wondering where the father received the extra slipper, as he still wears both of his. . . .

'One Book for Each Member

Says S. G. GORSLINE, *Rotarian*
Secretary-Treasurer
Canning Machinery & Supplies Assn.
Battle Creek, Michigan

The copies of *A World to LIVE In* book [see announcement on page 2] arrived yesterday and we are having a little bookmark printed which will be folded down over the top of the book when we present it. It will be titled "Here is your copy of *A World to LIVE In*. May it be a guide for a happier New Year is the wish of the Rotary Club of Battle Creek."

I only hope the members will take it home now and read it, and I guess it will do us all good.

A Last Line to Last Line

Added by CROMBIE ALLEN
Honorary Rotarian
Ontario, California

The February ROTARIAN was good to the last drop (gosh, I'm still thinking in terms of the good old days when we had coffee!). Of course, I mean good to the last line, especially the last line of *Last Page Comment* [page 64]. And to Rotarian E. J. Bonner's "ten great ideas" of all time I would add a last line, or "printing," without which we'd never have heard of the other ten.

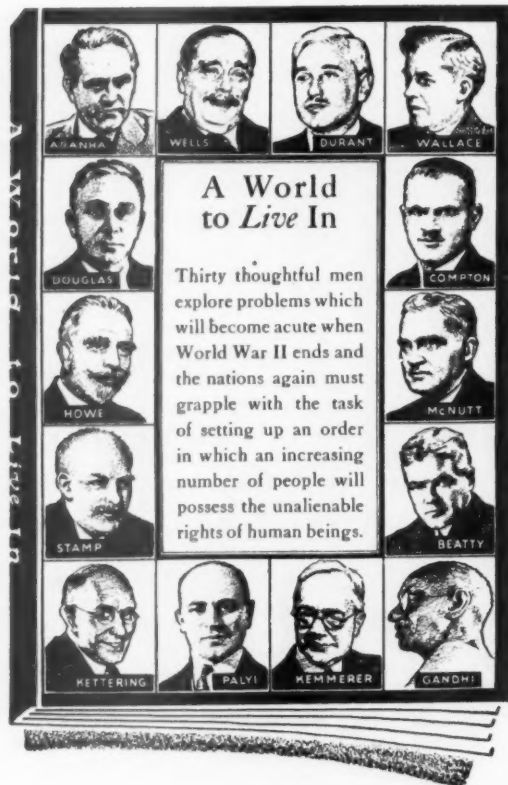
Here is the list submitted by Rotarian E. J. Bonner, of Rochester, New York: (1) Jesus Christ and the Golden Rule; (2) Columbus' theory of the world being round; (3) Copernicus' discovery of the solar system; (4) Harvey's discovery of blood circulation; (5) Newton and the law of gravitation; (6) Franklin's proof that lightning is electrical; (7) Galvani's theory of motion with current; (8) Darwin's theory of survival of the fittest; (9) Pasteur's discovery of virus for germs; (10) Marconi's wireless telegraphy.—Eds.

More on: Man vs. Woman

From L. A. BENOIT, *Carpet Mfr.*
President, Rotary Club
Newburgh, New York

I have read Helen Furnas's article, *Whose Fault Is That?*, with a great deal of interest and Charles Francis Potter's *They Want to Boss* [see debate-of-the-month, *That Woman Question Again!*, February ROTARIAN] with a great deal less. It seems to me that Francis has answered Helen's question as to whose fault it is, in his article. He starts off by saying, "One of the saddest days in a man's life, usually in his 30's, is when he wakes up to the fact that his wife is trying to make him over." Dear Francis, since when have men been so dumb as

Now a Third Printing!



Why has the demand for this book, *A World to LIVE In*, necessitated printing 55,000 copies? The answer is to be found in letters such as these:

● "I want a dozen copies for friends of mine outside of Rotary."—*A Wisconsin Rotarian*. "This book will render a distinguished service to our secondary-education program. I want 40 copies."—*A High-School Professor*. "Each of our high-school guests will be given a copy—we think it an appropriate gift."—*A Club President*. "Send 20 for our Club."—*A Washington Rotarian*.

● It's small—96 pages and of pocket size, convenient for odd-time reading. Many Rotary and other groups are using it as a discussion hand-book. One national non-Rotary organization sponsoring study of post-war problems ordered 1,000 copies for this purpose! . . . It gets at such questions as: *Are empires a thing of the past? How is science changing our lives? Are men incurably selfish? Must the world be policed?*

Contributors:

J. Raymond Tiffany
H. G. Wells
John Dewey
Will Durant
Mohandas K. Gandhi
William O. Douglas
Arthur Holly Compton
Paul V. McNutt

Harrison E. Howe
Sir Josiah Stamp
Charles F. Kettering
Sir Edward Beatty
Cordell Hull
E. W. Kemmerer
Melchior Palyi
Nicholas Doman
George Bernard Shaw
Clark M. Eichelberger
Sir Norman Angell

F. W. Sollmann
Henry A. Wallace
Walter B. Pitkin
Edward Tomlinson
Ricardo J. Alfaro
Oswaldo Aranha
William F. Ogburn
Stuart Chase
Henry Ford
Walter D. Head

25¢

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to wake up to this realization only at the ripe age of 30 plus? I, for one, have known this almost since infancy and the fellow who doesn't admit it is "that" kind of a liar or awfully dumb.

Many of the things that Francis says in his article are true indeed—so what? Suppose they do want to boss. If they are better at it than we of the stronger sex, why not? . . .

How many times has my wife said to me, "Let's go down and visit So-and-So," So-and-So residing about 50 or 60 miles away (before the "A" book), and I have insisted that I would not do it and then all of a sudden found myself well on the way to visit So-and-So. That's my clever little way of letting my wife get her own way. She thinks she won a major battle. Then when something real important comes up for discussion, she very delightfully "gives in to me." My motto is "Give them the sardines and take the whales."

And listen, Doc, remember the old adage "If we men expect to win, we must stick through thick and thin"—and before you stick your neck out again, let five or six of us get around a table and write the article which will really prove our point, because after all I don't think a five-to-one ratio is too bad when you're up against a woman who is trying to win a point.

Lumbering Gets Its Due

Affirms ARCH C. KLUMPH

Past President, Rotary International
Cleveland, Ohio

As my eyes fell on the cover of the January ROTARIAN, I thought it was an ad of my company. Surely you have done the lumber industry a great service and one which it deserves. I can speak with some authority on this matter.

In 1917 I was chosen by the Builders Exchange to address the Army Engineers at Camp Sherman on the subject of "The Necessity of Wood in Wartimes." I spent many weeks of careful study and discovered much useful information and argument—what the Black Forest meant to Germany and how the lack of forests handicapped England.

Nothing could speak more in the defense of lumber as a war necessity than the fact that our Government has found it necessary to require practically the entire output.

Wood Would Run Motors

Finds R. L. GEHRT, Sales Manager

Herff-Jones Company
Indianapolis, Indiana

The writer, although not a Rotarian, can and does enjoy your magazine immensely—and especially did I enjoy the excellent article in the January issue *Will Wood Win the War?* To me this is one of the most enlightening and instructive short articles I have ever read.

As sales manager and being directly responsible for the livelihood of 120 representatives who work for us, I was especially interested in that portion of the article headed "Motor Fuel." I have long been generally acquainted with the fact that motorcars in the European countries have been running on small

gas-generating plants, but your article brought it closer to home than anything that I had before read, especially the statement that "\$10 worth of wood could, if needed, furnish power equivalent to \$30 or \$40 worth of gasoline at present prices."

More News on Wood

Wanted by OTTO GOEDECKE, Rotarian
Cotton Marketer
Hallettsville, Texas

I have been so captivated by your article *Will Wood Win the War?*, by Egon Glesinger [January ROTARIAN], that I would like to read more on the subject. Will you be kind enough to direct me to the source of information on this subject or perhaps place me in touch with the author of the article?

To Rotarian Goedecke—and others who have made similar inquiries: Additional information on wood and its uses may be obtained from Maurice R. Merryfield, American Forest Products Industries, Inc., 1318 18th St. N. W., Washington, D. C. A number of technical pamphlets published by the United States Forest Products Laboratory at Madison, Wisconsin, are available at nominal costs from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C.

Recent magazine articles on new uses of wood include two by ROTARIAN Contributor Glesinger: *Nazis in the Woodpile in The Saturday Evening Post*, September 5, 1942; and *Rediscovered Wood in Nature Magazine*, October, 1942. Other helpful articles are *Wood at War in Business Week*, October 31, 1942; *Drafting Our Forests*, by George Harris Collingwood, in *Popular Mechanics*, January 4, 1943; *The New Age of Wood in Fortune*, October, 1942.—Eds.

Australia's Post-War Problems

Considered by G. FREDERICK BIRKS
Honorary Rotarian
Sydney, Australia

Re: "A World to LIVE In" series in THE ROTARIAN:

In thinking of problems of the post-war world, one can't help thinking of his own country and the changes that the war has brought—and the effect on the country when peace comes once more.

Before this war, for example, we in Australia did not manufacture internal-combustion engines, airplanes, and many other things, as we could not compete with the United States with its mass production, but now we are manufacturing nearly everything that is required, and millions of pounds—not dollars—have been invested in plants and the education of our people, so the question arises: Are all these plants to be scrapped or are we to use them for peace requirements?

Again: Before the war nearly all our seeds were imported, because they could be grown cheaper than we could grow them, but the farmers have been encouraged to turn their attention to providing all that we need. Are we to continue in this work or revert to the old methods? For many years Australia has grown all the sugar that it needs and has shut out by tariffs or prohibition sugar from Java and other places. If we had not done this, we would have been without any during the past three years. You are doubtless familiar with the "white Australia" policy, which would have to go by the board if we are to live up to the Atlantic Charter, and your own immigration laws would also go. These are but a few of the prob-



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan; (RM) Rotary Meets; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

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lems which will face Australia in the post-war world.

To my mind it comes down to this: Are we prepared to follow Christ's advice to the rich man? . . .

Nurse-Training Idea Spreads

Says HARRY A. Sisson, Rotarian
Realtor and Home Designer
Dearborn, Michigan

Inspired by the splendid program sponsored by the Rotary Club of St. Louis, Missouri, which has so successfully sponsored a student-nurse scholar-

ship loan fund [see *Help Train More Nurses*, December ROTARIAN], our Club officially transferred from its student loan fund \$2,000 to the "Dearborn Rotary Club Student Nurse Scholarship Loan Fund" and authorized the Committee in charge, of which I am Chairman, to develop a program in Dearborn similar to that of the St. Louis Club.

With the generous coöperation of President Louis L. Roth, of the St. Louis Club, our Committee has completed its plans. . . .

Schools of nursing in connection with the leading hospitals of metropolitan

Detroit have willingly offered their co-operation and we have also received the approval of the Detroit Council on Community Nursing. . . .

The introduction of our program now is timely inasmuch as it will receive the benefit of the national efforts toward student-nurse recruitment about which so much is heard over the air in connection with retail programs now being broadcast. Our Club members are sincerely back of this program and we feel we are lending constructive aid in the present war emergency.

'A Pleasant Surprise'

For FLORENCE W. DAVIS, Librarian
Lincoln Air Base, Station Hospital
Omaha, Nebraska

The library of the Lincoln Air Base had a pleasant surprise last week when we received the January ROTARIAN. We have a number of boys in our hospital who are Rotarians and are enjoying the magazine, and many who do not belong to your organization are enjoying it just as much. . . .

Hunting's Good in Manchuria

Recalls FLORENCE H. HAAG
Fairfield, Connecticut

Enclosed find 10 cents for which please send me one copy of the picture *Ringneck Pheasant*, reprinted from the November ROTARIAN.*

We think the article on the pheasant in the November number [*Glamour Bird of the Field*] was splendid. Mr. Haag and I were in Manchuria many years, where the pheasants are plentiful and hunting wonderful.

* ED. NOTE: So popular was this picture by Lynn Bogue Hunt, the distinguished wildlife artist, that a second printing was required to fill orders. Only a few prints now are left—still available at 10 cents apiece.

'... for Our Reading Room'

Says ROBERT J. CALHOUN, Chaplain
U. S. Naval Reserve Aviation Base
Lambert Field, St. Louis, Missouri

Thank you for your letter in which you sent us the information that the Rotary Club of Rising Sun, Indiana, is sending us THE ROTARIAN for our reading room.

We shall indeed be happy to have this magazine for the many men here, who I know will be very happy to have access to this fine publication.

'The Rotarian,' Most-Read Magazine in Barracks

Finds FRED D. HUNING, JR.
S.S.O.C.
Proving Ground, Illinois

I always look forward to receiving my copy of THE ROTARIAN, as it is the only contact I now have with Rotary. (Before I entered the service I was a member of the Rotary Club of Belen, New Mexico.) I might add that that is true of all my buddies, as without a doubt my copy of THE ROTARIAN is the most-read magazine in our barracks.

Costa Rica - Democracy at Work



COSTA RICA, southernmost of the five Central American republics, is an effective democracy—a land with a coherent national life. Its population of 670,000 shows one of the lowest percentages of illiteracy in Latin America; more than 80 percent of the land is owned by small farmers; suffrage is universal.

Columbus discovered Costa Rica (meaning "Rich Coast") in 1502 on his last voyage to the New World. Then occupied by some 27,000 Indians, a number since reduced to 4,000, the country was later settled by Spaniards, who developed a democracy of small farmers. Settlement expansion began early in the 18th Century.

In 1821 Costa Rica won its freedom from Spain, and a definite agricultural economy began with the Government's offer of free land to anyone agreeing to set out coffee trees. By 1829 coffee had become the chief export crop of the country, and remains so to this day. Coffee, bananas, and cocoa form 85 percent of the value of Costa Rican exports. Principal imports include machinery, textiles, and foodstuffs.

Costa Rica's present constitution, adopted in 1871, provides for a three-branch national government: legislative, executive, and judicial. Legislative power is vested in a single-chamber legislature, and executive power centers in the President.

East- and West-coast ports are connected by rail with San José, the capital. Work is now underway on the 312-mile section of the inter-American highway which will traverse the country.

A Rotary Club was organized in San José in 1927.

Readers wishing further opportunity to read articles in Spanish will find it in REVISTA ROTARIA, published monthly in that language. A year's subscription in the Americas is \$1.50.

COSTA RICA, la más meridional de las cinco repúblicas centroamericanas, es una democracia efectiva—un país con una vida nacional coherente. Su población de 670.000 habitantes muestra una de las proporciones más bajas de analfabetismo en Ibero América; más del 80 por ciento de la tierra la poseen pequeños agricultores; el sufragio es universal.

Colón descubrió a Costa Rica en 1502, en su último viaje al Nuevo Mundo. Entonces poblado por 27.000 indios, cuyo número se ha reducido para ahora a 4.000, el país fué posteriormente colonizado por españoles, quienes desarrollaron en él una democracia de pequeños agricultores. Esta colonización se inició a principios del siglo XVIII.

En 1821 Costa Rica se emancipó de España, y en la nación se inició una economía agrícola definida con el ofrecimiento que hizo el gobierno de obsequiar tierras a quienquiera que quisiera plantar cafetos. Para 1829 el café se había convertido en el principal artículo de exportación del país, y así continúa siéndolo hasta hoy. El 85 por ciento de las exportaciones de Costa Rica corresponden a café, plátanos y cacao. Las principales importaciones son maquinaria, tejidos y artículos alimenticios.

La actual constitución de Costa Rica fué promulgada en 1871. De acuerdo con ella, el gobierno nacional se divide en tres ramas: legislativa, ejecutiva y judicial. El poder legislativo lo ejerce una legislatura de una sola cámara. El ejecutivo tiene por centro al Presidente de la República.

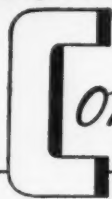
Los puertos de las costas oriental y occidental están conectados por ferrocarril con San José, la capital. Están en construcción las 312 millas de la carretera interamericana que tocan al país.

En 1927 se fundó un Rotary club en San José.

Little Lessons on Latin America

No. 15

MARCH, 1943



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IS THERE a man living who has addressed more than 4,800,000 adults, 500,000 college students, and 4,000,000 high-school students? If so, he alone can better that record of dynamic DR. CHARLES E. BARKER. For several years he has been booked by Rotary International and has been engaged by some 2,000 Clubs.



Barker

KENDALL WEISIGER resides at Atlanta in the Peach State, where he is a Rotarian and an officer of the Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company. It is appropriate that his article should complement LOUIS ADAMIC's, for they are friends. AUTHOR ADAMIC came to the United States from Yugoslavia at 14, alone and unable to speak English. His book *Two-Way Passage* is a full statement of the thesis he charts in his article this month.



Weisiger

Canadian-born JOHN CAMERON ASPLEY is now a Rotarian in Chicago, where he has won a nation-wide reputation as a sales counsellor. He is president of Dartnell Corporation, business-service specialists.

CARLETON BEALS admits leading a "life more changeable, colorful, and disorderly than most"—but to the book public he is an authority on Latin America. Born in Kansas, calling Bramford, Connecticut, "home," he spends much of his time "south of the border."



Adamic

Few American platform personalities can par STANLEY HIGH. Educated in Nebraska, he too lives in a Connecticut village, where he occasionally may be found between writing and speaking engagements.

—THE CHAIRMEN

THE ROTARIAN MAGAZINE

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Photo: Acme

JUAN ANTONIO RIOS, President of Chile. An honorary member of the Rotary Club of Santiago, he was long an active Rotarian.

ROTARIANS IN THE *News*

PRESENTING—eight men from four nations whose outstanding contributions to their crafts or countries have recently won them wide public notice and esteem. As they are honored, so is Rotary—for each has a bond with a Club.



DR. RICARDO Adolfo de la Guardia, President of Panama—distinguished new honorary member of Panama City's Rotary Club.



Photo: Acme

AMONG principal field commanders of the United States Army in the continental United States is Lt. Gen. Hugh A. Drum, honorary member of the New York City Rotary Club.



IN COMMAND of the aircraft carrier *Hornet* when it was sunk was Captain (now Rear Admiral) Charles P. Mason, honorary member of the Jacksonville, Fla., Rotary Club.



Photo: Harris & Ewing

LT. GEN. Dwight D. Eisenhower, commander of Allied Forces in French Africa, who has cabled an okeh to honorary membership in his home-town Rotary Club, Abilene, Kans.



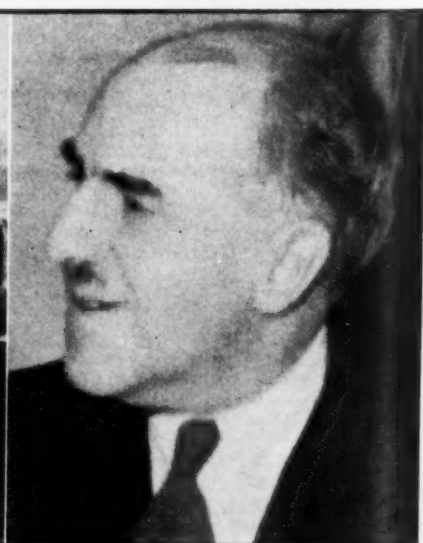
Photo: Walinger

HERBERT J. Taylor, Chicago Rotarian and Past District Governor—who recently was appointed the Vice-Chairman of the U. S. War Department Price Adjustment Board.



Photo: Acme

WOUNDED in New Guinea, Brig. Gen. Hanford MacNider, of Gen. MacArthur's staff, recuperates in Australia. He has been a Rotarian in Mason City, Iowa, for 25 years.



CAPTAIN L. D. Gammans, British "M. P." and once a Rotary District Governor in Malaya, who took time from a recent mission to address Rotarians of Washington, Ind.

'The Game's Only Half Over'

By Charles E. Barker

Noted Lecturer; Rotarian

In life as in football, the mistakes of the first half can spur a man to give the rest of the game his best.

"ROY, the game is only half over—now go out and do your stuff!"

Those are the words that changed life for Roy Riegels a few years ago. Playing in the annual Rose Bowl football game, he had climaxed the first half by scooping up a fumble and running 95 yards out of a possible 98 before a frantic teammate brought him down, just short of his own goal line. He had run the wrong way.

The whistle blew ending the half and Roy trudged off the field, desperately hating himself, afraid of his comrades, dreading to face his coach. But nobody said anything—a few patted his shoulder, and he hated their sympathy as he would have resented their condemnation.

Then came the between-halves lecture. Coach Andy Smith reviewed the mistakes of the first half, and outlined a few plays that might have gained more ground. Still no mention of Roy Riegels' blunder. And then Coach Smith looked at his watch and dismissed the squad.

"Roy—you wait a minute, will you?"

Roy's heart fell to a new low.

"Here it comes," he muttered. "He's going to boot me off the team—I'm washed up. Decent to send the boys off first, though."

And then, arm about shoulder, Smith gave Roy a new lift.

"Roy, I'm forgetting that bobble—and you do the same. *The game is only half over!*"

Well, football records the result. Roy Riegels redeemed his error gloriously, and for one man, at least, the old bromide about "teaching character" took on new meaning.

The world we live in today has seen examples of nations playing out the game, though others might have given up. Britain, for one. When much of her trained manpower and vast quantities of her matériel were lost at Dunkirk,

there must have been those who felt that nothing but defeat and disaster lay ahead. But no one need ask what happened. The world knows that the second half, now being played, is finding new power, new force, new spirit, in every battle.

In the past 23 years it has been my pleasure to visit Rotary Clubs in every District of the United States and Canada. By and large, the average Rotarian is either middle aged or approaching middle age. And to Rotarians everywhere, I recommend Andy Smith's message: *The game is only half over—go out and do your stuff.*

Rotarians have boldly announced to the world that the goal of a really successful life can be best reached by daily practicing "Service above Self" and believing that "He Profits Most Who Serves Best."

Now, between the halves, is a good time to take stock, look over the past, and decide if you haven't, perhaps, run the wrong way—just a little.

Well—what of it? The game's only half over. There's still time to get in there and do your stuff!

There was a man who played the first half of his game with the wrong goal in mind. He wanted to be the richest man in the city. I didn't see that part of the game, but he told me that he picked up the ball and ran lickety-split for that goal—and almost made it. To reach it, he became parsimonious, he avoided the calls of charity, and even skipped a few calls of decency. But he was successful, financially.

But before he crossed that line, some friends tackled him—invited

him to join the local Rotary Club. In a way, he thought of it as an acknowledgment of his financial position. But he took his membership seriously, and accepted an appointment on the Club's Crippled-Children Committee.

For the first time in his life he had personal contact with suffering, handicapped humanity. Gradually, over the years, he became more and more interested in helping restore these unfortunates to something near a normal physical condition.

Yes—in learning that there was joy in giving, he got started running toward the proper goal. It wasn't a goal of profit in the bank, but a goal of saving one more twisted leg, straightening one more crooked spine.

THOUGH his business prospered and profits rose, his former dream of greater riches grew no nearer, for more and more of his personal income and even those capital reserves he had laid off flowed into hospital care and braces and into rehabilitation for his crippled charges.

He's gone now, and the game is over for him. But in that city people still remember him—not as the richest man they ever knew, but as the "first citizen" of several generations of that good-sized community.

And I can't help thinking that when he went before the Great Coach after the final gun, he heard something like this:

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant. You may have messed up my plans in the first half—but you certainly played a whale of a game in the second!"

Guest  ditorial



ONE OF THE powerful incentives to human endeavor is the deep and half-articulate desire to make the future—whether for oneself or one's children or for all mankind—better than the present. It is not easy in stable times, but one does not then question the continuity of progress. Today, however, in the midst of war and violent change, where nothing is certain, not even tomorrow, people are haunted by fears and hampered in action because they don't know what they can do about it. There is a great deal they can do—in fact, a beginning is already being made.

As I move about the United States, noting concrete signs of the amazing conversion from a peacetime to a wartime basis, listening to the talk of as many people as possible, reading as many publications as I can lay my hands on, I detect, out of the rising tempo, through all the contradictions and complexities, mistakes and achievements, criticisms and questionings of 130 million individual ways of meeting the crisis, two significant facts.

The first is that, no matter how bad the current news, practically no American entertains the slightest doubt about winning the war. It will be a long, tough job; "we've got to give it everything we've got, but of course we'll win!"

The second is that the majority of Americans are wondering what will happen when the war is over.

The question "What about after the war?" was not stimulated by the Federal Government; it has risen up spontaneously all over the country. People seem to feel the interrelation of the war and the peace; they want to know whether the world is going to go back to the same old mess, the same old international chicanery, or if somehow things can be set up so that there won't be another war in another two decades, to be fought by fathers now in the service and sons now in their diapers.

And out of the welter of cross currents, conflicting ideas, opposed ideologies, out of the mass of plans and doubts, the people are beginning to form the tentative outline of an answer to the question. It grows out of the two convictions I have mentioned—the belief in the victory for the Allied side and the desire for a better, warless future—and out of a third widely held premise: that it will be mostly up to us Americans to put the Old World on its feet again after the war.

In *Two-Way Passage*, a book published in mid-October, 1941, I

said that the approach to a post-war solution which I proposed was not strictly mine, but rather a fitting together of ideas gleaned from people all over the country, plucked out of the American atmosphere, as it were. The main, overall idea was that the American people—a selected, trained, representative body of them—should carry to Continental Europe after the war, on a sort of "passage back," their democratic experience along with material assistance. American democracy has been developing for 160 years, but its roots came from Europe originally; why not take what has been learned back to Europe—in person?

Nearly half of the United States population are themselves immigrants or have fathers or grandfathers born in Europe. The United States is in this way related to nearly every country in the Old World. Many of the new-stock people speak their ancestral tongues, others could learn them without much difficulty. Europeans would listen more receptively to the account of American democracy and to suggestions for a European version if they came from people related by blood, in whom the Old Country culture has not been eradicated, but has been subtly fused with the American experience. The European would tend to believe the story of 48 States and of many racial, national, and religious ancestries all living together with little friction and a good deal of mingling and mutual understanding.

This huge body of Americans should be carefully chosen and

Passage to the Future

By Louis Adamic

Author, *Two-Way Passage*

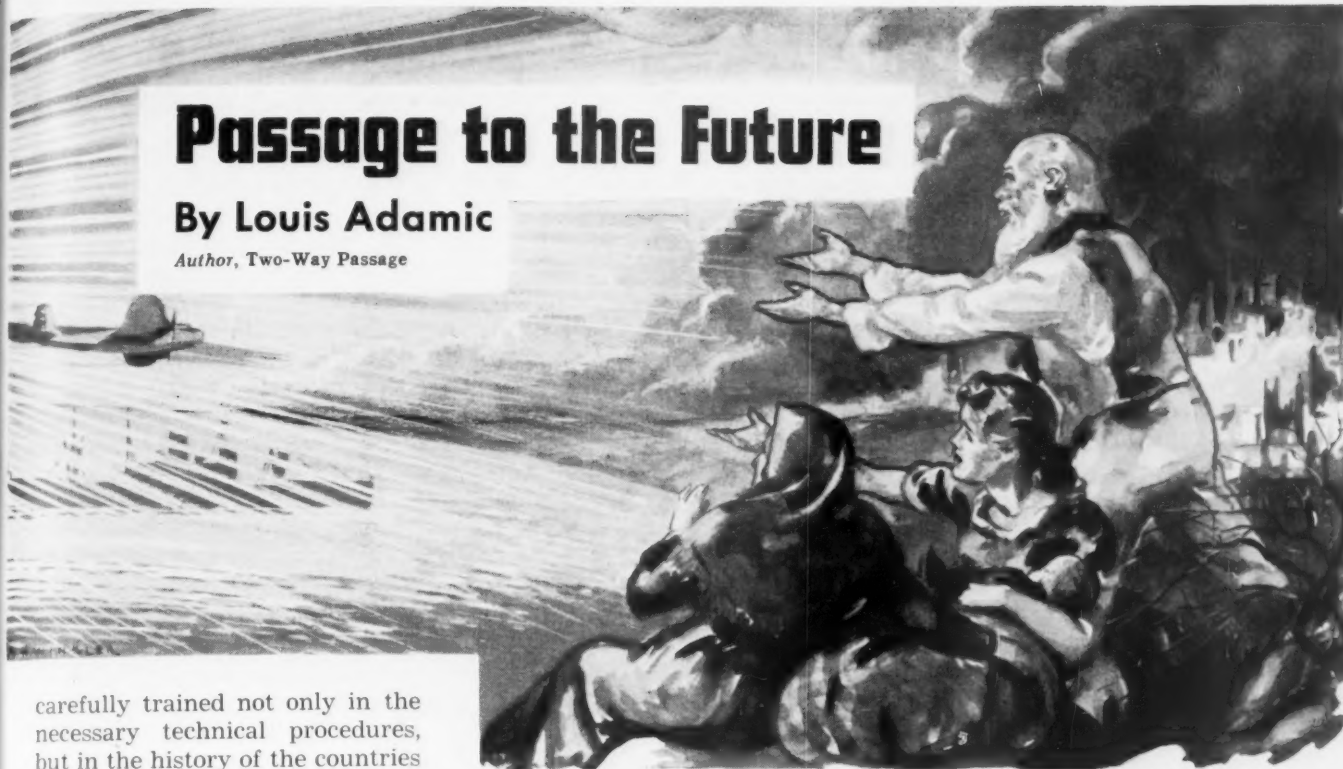


Illustration by A. H. Winkler

carefully trained not only in the necessary technical procedures, but in the history of the countries to which they go, the history of Europe as a whole, and the history and evolution of America. They should be deeply aware of the meaning and potentialities of the American way of life, as well as of the pattern of civilization developed in the United States. They should be able to discriminate between democratic and nondemocratic European aspirants to eventual leadership. They should be courteous, helpful, and friendly. They would be going to the assistance of fellow human beings as they would help victims of a flood or a fire. The same human aspirations toward equality and freedom that resulted in America's democracy are inherent in the peoples of Europe; once the oppressive weight of hundreds of years of outworn, undemocratic traditions were shorn of its power and lifted off the Continent, its peoples would begin to develop organically their own democracy.

But if the traditional weight is removed, it must be replaced by an interim regime to function until Europe is able to resume control. I think a free federal scheme of government should be set up, with universal franchise, a Continental trade and traffic control, a common currency and postal system. Other political, social, and economic institutions and principles which point toward the general well-being should be es-

tablished. The whole should be integrated upon the basis of essential human equality, supplanting the past and present basis of a human hierarchy.

This outline or scheme means, of course, a wide and radical alteration in the mental and emotional patterns of most people. *Two-Way Passage* goes into the causes that led me to the idea and the reasons why I think it perfectly feasible—in fact, inevitable. When it first appeared, seven weeks before Pearl Harbor, it was dismissed by many people as fantastic, crazy, idealistic, impossible. Not so now. The change in mental patterns is already taking place. People are reevaluating ideas and feelings which they have long taken for granted.

We who are Americans have had to learn that, since the world has become smaller, and hermitic isolation of any section is no longer possible, the welfare of our country depends upon the welfare of all countries. It is apparent to us that we shall have to step in in Europe *as much for the sake of future generations of Americans as on Europe's behalf.*

Let us try to imagine the world picture at the cessation of formal hostilities. The American hemisphere will probably be the only sizable body of land upon which actual fighting has not taken place.

China has already had several more years of fighting—on her territory—than the rest of the United Nations, and is in the midst of forming in pain her own version of democracy. Russia also will have suffered terribly. Although it is possible that the British Isles will have escaped land invasion, they will have few, if any, resources to spare for others. India's history the next few years is completely unpredictable; the only fact of which one can be at all sure is that India's attention will be fully taken up by internal affairs.

But if the war lasts some two or three years longer—as many people believe it will—*Continental Europe will be destroyed.* The plight of the peoples of Europe, not entirely excepting the Germans, is already today so terrible that it is almost beyond American comprehension; what will it be a few years hence? It is quite possible that *one-half* of the pre-war population will have been exterminated. Of those remaining alive, another large portion will be diseased, half starved, half demented, crushed, and twisted beyond reclamation. The mental and physical state of the children alone—including German children—will constitute one of the most horrible of post-war situations. Also, a very large number of peo-

When a blight destroyed the vine-

Many people scattered throughout the United States are willing—indeed, eager—to equip themselves for the task of going abroad as relief workers for what many seem to believe will be lifelong careers. Last Spring a group of Stanford University faculty and

★ This article is Number 19, ★
★ 'World to LIVE In' series. ★
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It would be the best endowment policy for peace that Americans could buy.

PROBLEMS THAT WON'T WAIT!

By Kendall Weisiger

Member, Committee on Participation of Rotarians in the Post-War World



ON THE DAY war ends, certain post-war problems will demand immediate action. Who, for instance, will maintain order in defeated nations and in lands newly liberated? Who will feed the starving, put down epidemics, restore transportation?

These and a hundred other questions won't wait for peace-table deliberations. They must be anticipated, solved long in advance. Alert to that urgency, the United States Army is reportedly grooming 60 officers in techniques of military government. That is a sound and foresighted start, but before we are done with them, these Number One problems will have preempted also the best efforts of thousands of civilians and civilian organizations—our own Rotary among them, I believe. It is time, therefore, that we knew what those problems are.*

Here, as I see it, are the chief ones—ranked according to their importance. The last shot of this war must find the victorious allied nations fully prepared to:

1. Place distressed countries under protective custody of the armed forces of the United Nations and to continue this until civil populations are able again to assume control.

2. Curb epidemics.

3. Rehabilitate docks, railways, highways, air fields, and communi-

cation systems to insure prompt receipt and distribution of food and supplies.

4. Establish feeding stations, medical and surgical clinics, and hospital facilities to place key persons back in service promptly.

5. Restore agriculture—providing seed, implements, direction—to get crops under way at once.

6. Husband existing livestock; begin intensive breeding and feeding to obtain quick milk, cheese, and fats production.

7. Assist dispersed families to reunite and to return to their homes; help them restore home buildings.

8. Set up maternity centers and arrange for child care. Give expectant mothers and small children prior claims to food.

9. Reestablish courts; review cases of all prisoners, releasing those unjustly incarcerated.

10. Lift customs and passport restrictions.

11. Foster reestablishment of services and industries—to return men to work and to revive production of needed goods.

12. Reopen banks and provide a stable and universal currency.

13. Reopen and staff churches and other institutions which afford spiritual comfort.

14. Reestablish education; shape it toward world coöperation.

15. Facilitate the biological revitalization of broken peoples.

16. Disindoctrinate totalitarian peoples of their antisocial prac-

tices and reindoctrinate them with a more human way of life.

17. Propose new economic and social affiliations between States to build through coöperation better interstate relations.

18. Retrieve all existing loot and personnel carried off by aggressor nations and return them to their places of origin.

19. Restore to people in newly liberated countries the homes they were forced to vacate.

20. Organize men from defeated armies into engineering and work crews and set them to work at restoring what they have destroyed.

There you have 20 primary steps toward world reconstruction. I do not pretend that the list is complete—or unusual. You may find holes in it, and fault with it. More power to you! Certainly you will come quickly to the larger overall question: "Who is to meet all these needs? Who is to marshal all these materials, men, and funds? How is it all to be done?" I have my views, you will have yours. Let's air them, sharpen them on the carborundum wheel of public opinion as often as we can . . . in our homes, churches, schools, discussion groups—and in our Rotary Clubs. As Rotarians, we should try seriously to visualize Rotary's place in post-war recovery. It can be Rotary's great opportunity.

* Rotary concurs in this view, urging Clubs throughout the world to devote one meeting in April to a discussion of "Immediate Post-War Problems."—Eds.



Retailers Have the Stuff!

By J. C. Aspley

President, Dartnell Corporation; Rotarian

*Yankee ingenuity is tough and not to be stopped
(though it may be slowed up) when going's rough.*

THERE is a shot in one of the current movies which shows a village Romeo calling on his girl friend, proudly arrayed in a new suit purchased at the People's Drug Store! Well, that may be a bit far-fetched, but it gets a laugh and a good one, too, because in this second year of war strange things are happening to merchandising in the United States.

Potted plants are being sold in hardware stores; sacks of cow chow crowd windows which once featured shiny new automobiles; auto-supply stores are doing a land-office business in work shoes and clothes; a gasoline service station is local headquarters for poultry and eggs fresh from the farm; and on the Pacific coast an implement dealer has turned his store over to an OCD (Office of Civilian Defense) auxiliary fire-truck unit and sells blackout supplies to householders.

Yes, strange things are happening to merchandising these days. Even stranger things are around the corner. The first year of war saw the conversion of our manufacturing facilities from peace to war; the second year of war will see the conversion of the distributing trades to a war basis. There will be new inventory controls set up by OPA (Office of Price Administration); there will be concentration of industry; there will be more and more rationing, more and more freezing of things sold across the counter, less merchandise for retailers to sell.

Now, there are some who see in these restrictions a sinister force which will shake the foundations of the distributive system. Folks in and out of Washington talk about the thousands of retailers who will have to close their business for the duration. These worrisome souls fear merchants will hang on too long, so that their working capital will be dissipated and they will have no money with which to start in again when the

shooting stops and the boys come home. In the best American tradition they want something done about it, and so they organize into this and that kind of group to put the squeeze on Congress. Maybe Congress should do something for the retailers, too. We don't know. What we do know is that the American businessman may holler loud and long about what he thinks is going to happen to him, but somehow or other he is usually in there pitching when the smoke clears. He is a pretty hard man to down. He has the happy faculty of landing on his feet. He has the stuff!

Remember when building bonfires of mail-order catalogs in the town square was a favorite diversion on Main Street? Parcel post had just been written into law, and the economists and professional country-savers were viewing it with great and profound alarm. Then came the chain-store boogy woogy to plague the independents. The trade press boiled over about this menace. It would mean the elimination of the small-town store; it would wipe out the jobber and put millions of little fellows out of business. Some of the stores along Main Street did close up — but many probably would have closed anyway. Merchants who were on their toes brightened up their stores, streamlined their methods, went in for personal service in a big way, and not only met the threat, but in many instances actually became better merchants and made more money than ever before.

Now comes Government control. Again the old fears arise. Again the figures are trotted out to show the tremendous mortality rate of retail business establishments. And that mortality rate, of course, is blamed onto the war, for the war makes a handy alibi for the failure. But the mortality rate has always been with us, and probably always will. In normal

times between 250,000 and 300,000 American retailers close their doors every year. That rate is stepped up in boom times because hundreds of thousands of persons who never had much money get a few hundred dollars together and open a store. Not many of them last the year out.

A check of all hardware merchants in the San Francisco area showed that during the first year of war only 3.5 percent of the stores with telephones went out of business; 13 percent thought they might have to close before the war's end, but 82.7 percent thought they would find some way to stay in business until the war was won.

THERE YOU have it. The "experts" oil up their ouija boards and predict that before the war is over half the retailers in the United States will be out of business. Maybe so. But eight out of ten American merchants have it all figured out how they will get along, rationing or no rationing, inventory control or no inventory control. They know just what they will do to keep going and they are doing it.

A case in point is the Hoosier garage owner who should have "folded" when gas rationing came along. That is what the town folks thought. But it was not what the garageman was thinking. He foresaw that with no new cars coming off the production line, the cars in service would wear out mighty fast. The other garages in town were bidding against each other to get this repair business. But nobody had thought about the farmer or mechanic who preferred to do his own repairing, if only he had the necessary tools. So this chap cleared out his stockroom, moved in some machinery and tools, and boldly announced a "Fix-Your-Own-Car Department." Tools are rented for a nominal amount, the

place is busy, and the garageman is doing mighty well on repair parts and accessories. The fact his shop was off the beaten path didn't seem to hurt business at all. In fact, the lower rent probably helped the project considerably.

Then there is the pharmacist in another Western town who saw his opportunity in the manpower shortage. Now, to most merchants the manpower shortage is something really to worry about. You can't get clerks, you can't get deliverymen, you can't do this, and you can't do that. But this chap believed in looking at a situation from the "how will it help me?" angle rather than just one more headache. There were three other drugstores in town, all having their manpower troubles. So he got his competitors together and made a deal with them whereby he would put up their prescriptions, using their labels, thus giving them more time to look after customers.

There you have two specific examples of the enterprise and ingenuity of the American retailer. There are thousands of other examples, many no doubt right in your own Rotary Club. You know them well. So do I. That is why I have little patience with those who argue that Government controls and rationing will cause thousands of American shopkeepers to fold up just as they have done in the United Kingdom and in other United Nations.

To be sure, Britain has been in the war four years, whereas the United States has been at it only a little more than a year. But there is a wide difference between economic conditions in Britain and in America. The distributive trades operate differently. The attitude of the American merchant is different. And it is infinitely easier for him to adjust himself to changing conditions, as the instances just cited would seem to prove. An iron monger in London would remain an iron monger until the last. But a hardware merchant in one Chicago suburb, when he found difficulty in getting hard goods to sell, put in a line of furniture with *wooden springs*, and is getting along nicely, thank you.

Then there is another force at

work helping the U.S. merchant which one does not find in the older countries: the interest which manufacturers have in maintaining retail outlets for post-war expansion. Their coöperation makes it easier for the retailer to survive.

Take the classic case of a tire manufacturer who developed a complete line of merchandise from zipper jackets to radios, and made these products available to thousands of tire dealers all over the country. His dealers had to learn a new business—but this is the point: *it helped them to keep going*. Even buyers are brought to their stores by Firestone's double-truck advertisements in national magazines. A Cleveland truck manufacturer, who had dealers with no trucks to sell, devised a preventive maintenance contract to keep White trucks running. So, today White salesmen are thinking of their opportunity as service to the user instead of commissions on new-truck sales. I happen to know some of them are making more money than they ever made in pre-war days.

High-hat critics sometimes chide Americans for promoting queer ideas like breakfast food shot from guns, or shaving cream in tubes. Right now we are in a dither about vitamins and nutrition programs. Maybe they are a little on the faddish side—but they are helping many a merchant to stay in business when his shelves are thinning out. Vitamin pills have already become

a topnotch rent-payer for many progressive druggists—that is, those who see the opportunity and do something about it.

It has been estimated that out of the money which will be spent in the United States during 1943, for both war and civilian production, about 70 billion dollars will find its way into the normal channels of business. That is a lot of money. When you stop to consider that in 1932 we were getting along, after a fashion, with a national income of 40 billion dollars, business ought to get along all right. Retailers will have difficulty getting all the things they used to sell, but those who are on their toes and go out after merchandise will get it. But those who sit around the store waiting for some persuasive salesman to come along and sell them will suffer.

No one wants to belittle the problem which business faces. The problems are many and they are tough. But there is a law of physics which says every action creates an equal and opposite reaction. Wartime restrictions will lay a heavy hand on the less resourceful, the inefficient, and the dullards. Perhaps it will be harder to pay the rent. Perhaps taxes will take most of the store profits. But the more misfits in fringe locations who go out of business, the more business there will be for the remaining merchants who understand the meaning of service and value, and have the "know how" of managing a store.

Mark Twain once remarked that good pilots are made in stormy waters. Doesn't that hold equally true of merchants? The year 1943 will not be an easy one for the merchandiser. There will be plenty of headaches, plenty of discouraging moments. The waters will be stormy. But those who see in these war-tossed waters an opportunity and a challenge, and who practice the ideal of service, need have little fear of floundering. On the contrary, they will come through the war stronger and better businessmen, able to deal with any situation which may arise. And, when the shooting ends, and the new era of post-war opportunity for retailers dawns, they will be able to go forward to greater service and achievement.

Retailers on the Alert!



Watch next month for a report on the way lumber retailers are scratching for new business—and, doing so, are helping the war effort along. It will be the first in a series telling true stories of resourceful "Retailers on the Alert." Your suggestions for making it informative and helpful will be welcomed.—Eds.

Wake Up, Boys!

By Elizabeth Hawes

Author, *Fashion Is Spinach*



The hour has struck for a new declaration of independence—from clothing styles which fetter the freedom-loving male.

NOW, LISTEN, men: The chance of a lifetime is before you. The moment has arrived. (Hush, don't let your wife hear. Wait until she's gone to her Red Cross meeting—or to that welding class. Ah, there!)

Did you read that piece in the paper about Winston Churchill appearing at a formal dinner in Egypt in his cotton siren suit and a pair of bedroom slippers?

The Prince of Wales is dead. Long live Winston Churchill!

You don't get the idea? Ye gods! Sometimes I think you boys'll never get the idea. See if you can catch these straws I'm throwing into your faces.

Straw One: Quietly, without any fuss or fanfare, Mr. Churchill has taken advantage of the war to get himself some comfortable clothes. First he just wore them for work or informal occasions. Now he goes about everywhere clad in a zipper suit, resembling a mechanic's coverall, but much better tailored. He has these suits in wool and cotton.

Straw Two: Although in some circles it is still considered indecent for a man to appear in public in a shirt and trousers without his suit coat, the armed forces have been running all over the place for months without suit coats.

Straw Three: There is a wool shortage—for which you may thank Heaven next Summer, and perhaps forever.

Straw Four: If shoes aren't rationed by the time you read this, they probably will be within a reasonably short time. (Felt bedroom slippers are very comfortable, don't you think?)

Straw Five: You men wear hats, coats, trousers, belts or suspenders, shirts, collars, ties, shorts, undershirts, socks, shoes, and overcoats. To make them takes labor and material now needed elsewhere. Sure! Now you get the point. It's patriotic to wear fewer clothes!

Straw Six: In England, I understand, hats aren't going to be made anymore.

Now, men, let's look this clothing problem of yours right in the eye—and stare it down.

For several generations the average civilized male has been sweating his wool-clad way through the Summer. At all times of the year you fellows have been choked by uncomfortable collars and ties, corseted by heavy belts, bowed down by extra coats, hobbled by heavy shoes, and so on.

Such clothes came into being as a sign of rank. That's the truth. They were somber versions of the

kingly satin and lace which went the way of all flesh at the time of the industrial revolution. They served to indicate that the wearer was neither a hated king nor a lowly workman. Chinese women once bound their feet to show they didn't have to walk or work. You men gagged your necks, bound your arms, and smothered yourselves just to show you didn't have to do manual labor.

Your clothes, in other words, served a purpose—the irrepressible male vanity—and in time became a tradition. They are now a standard part of the well-trenched *status quo*.

ANOTHER bit of *status quo* that comes into your clothing problem is the tradition that you support your wife. Often she had very little to do but worry about such minor details as your clothes—and in time she came to associate your support of her with seeing you struggle through life in a lot of excess clothing. You know what I'm talking about: that little habit of hers, trying to keep your suit coat on you and your tie neatly in place, and preventing you from wearing bedroom slippers to formal dinners.

Well, men, get ready for a shock. It's pretty probable your wife soon

won't have time to worry about what you wear. This war has precipitated the first mass exodus of women from the home.

It's already happened in England, where the majority of women are now working away from their homes—and reports indicate that they aren't likely to take up being housewives again as a lifework when the war is over.

Your wife may be the next to go—if she hasn't gone already. She won't worry about your life then. When she gets in after a hard day, like as not she'll turn up in an old sweat shirt, slacks, and bedroom slippers for dinner—just as you have always wished you could.

So one major stumbling-block to comfortable clothes for men is being removed. There is little likelihood your wife will stand in your way, at least for the duration.

Now, how about the clothing business? You men won a major battle a few years ago when a certain manufacturer agreed to make suits without vests. What heresy! That meant you were no longer forced to buy vests which you never wore in order to get a coat and a pair of pants. The sheer comfort of your vestless Summer suit is one of the fruits of that victory. But even it is, of course, only a step. The slack suit goes further.

No one—not even the most exacting wife and mother—has

viewed the slack suit with greater *altruism* than the manufacturers of men's business clothes. They have refused to see the handwriting on the wall and make really well-tailored cotton slack suits for Summer. Which leaves you men only a choice between two evils: conventional woolen suits, or cheap, sloppy slack suits.

Right this minute an interstate war is raging in one big company to decide whether or not it should produce some suit like Mr. Churchill's. But the battle is not going so well for you. The company fears that if men take to siren suits—which make shirts unnecessary and which require much less material than a regular business suit—then after the war men may stick to siren suits!

SURE while this big company is dillygig, some little company will just step in and make Mr. Churchill's suit, and a lot of men whose wives are busy with war work will climb into the siren suit and that will be that.

Nor will this be a drag on the future of the industry. Men like clothes as much as women do—and they've never had enough even of uncomfortable ones. If *comfortable* clothes turn out to be cheaper, men will simply buy more clothes. If your wife can have six Summer suits a year, why can't you?

If this is going to be the long

war I think this shortage of labor and material will naturally result in the simplest clothes possible. For you men, that means shirts and overalls, slack suits, or siren suits.

Now, men, don't rush into anything—but why not take quick advantage of ground you've gained already? Right now you probably have some comfortable clothes in your closet: slack suits, sturdy blue-jeans, knitted cotton shirts, overalls, coveralls. Instead of rushing in to buy up the last uncomfortable wool suit on the rack, why not use this war-made opportunity to disentangle yourself permanently from your collar and tie and belt?

Don't go further than that—and, so help me, I'm serious—and say that you men have a real patriotic responsibility here. It is up to you to see that labor and material are not uselessly wasted on your clothing. Be tough about it; no one else is very. At the time the order went out that trousers should henceforth be cuffless, an official assurance that the United States Government would issue no orders "which interfered with style." It would not, he said, take the label from coats!

Staggering from the room, I wondered how any country could win a total war and not interfere just a little bit with style!



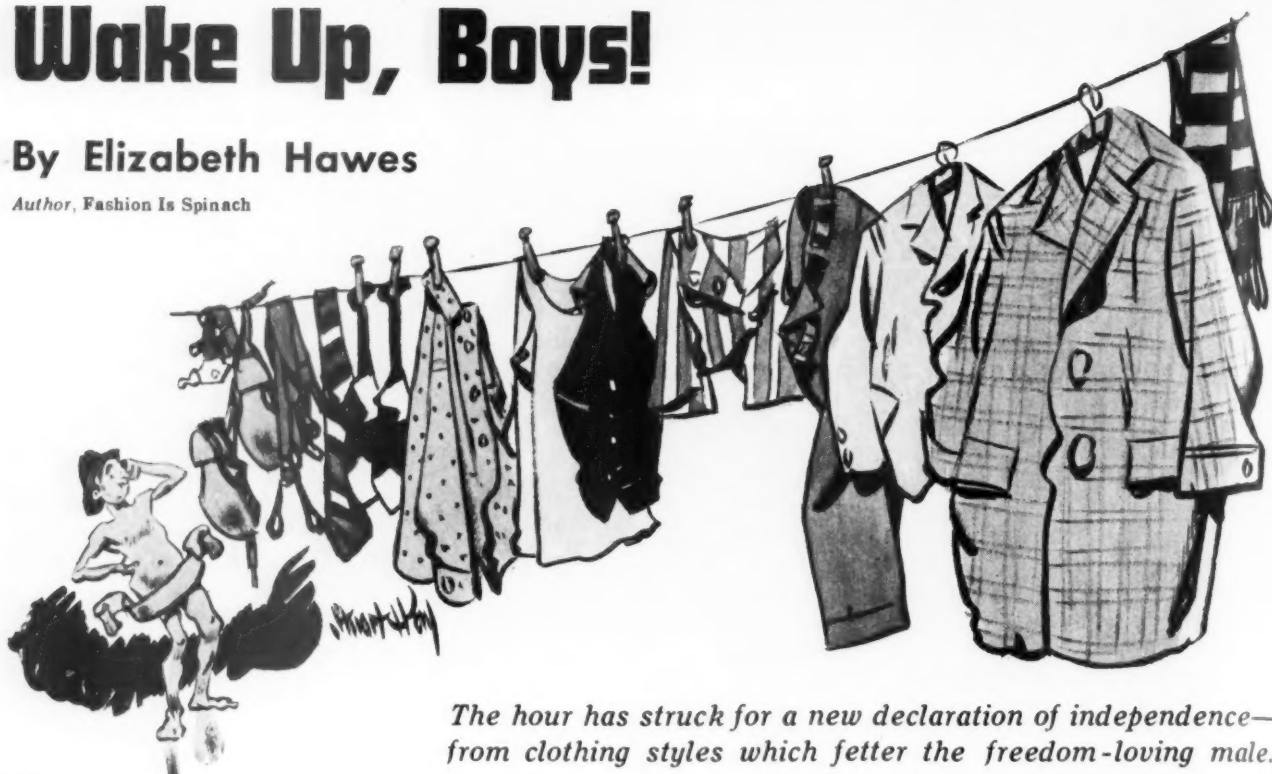
YOUR WIFE of for a wedding class? Then, conspires the author, the times ripe to pick the team of pyramical clothes.

Illustrations by Stuart Hay

Wake Up, Boys!

By Elizabeth Hawes

Author, *Fashion Is Spinach*



The hour has struck for a new declaration of independence—from clothing styles which fetter the freedom-loving male.

NOW, LISTEN, men: The chance of a lifetime is before you. The moment has arrived. (Hush, don't let your wife hear. Wait until she's gone to her Red Cross meeting—or to that welding class. Ah, there!)

Did you read that piece in the paper about Winston Churchill appearing at a formal dinner in Egypt in his cotton siren suit and a pair of bedroom slippers?

The Prince of Wales is dead. Long live Winston Churchill!

You don't get the idea? Ye gods! Sometimes I think you boys'll never get the idea. See if you can catch these straws I'm throwing into your faces.

Straw One: Quietly, without any fuss or fanfare, Mr. Churchill has taken advantage of the war to get himself some comfortable clothes. First he just wore them for work or informal occasions. Now he goes about everywhere clad in a zipper suit, resembling a mechanic's coverall, but much better tailored. He has these suits in wool and cotton.

Straw Two: Although in some circles it is still considered indecent for a man to appear in public in a shirt and trousers without his suit coat, the armed forces have been running all over the place for months without suit coats.

Straw Three: There is a wool shortage — for which you may thank Heaven next Summer, and perhaps forever.

Straw Four: If shoes aren't rationed by the time you read this, they probably will be within a reasonably short time. (Felt bedroom slippers are very comfortable, don't you think?)

Straw Five: You men wear hats, coats, trousers, belts or suspenders, shirts, collars, ties, shorts, undershirts, socks, shoes, and overcoats. To make them takes labor and material now needed elsewhere. Sure! Now you get the point. It's patriotic to wear fewer clothes!

Straw Six: In England, I understand, hats aren't going to be made anymore.

Now, men, let's look this clothing problem of yours right in the eye . . . and stare it down.

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YOUR WIFE'S off for a welding class? Then, conspires the author, the time's ripe to plot the doom of tyrannical clothes.

Illustrations
by Stuart Hay

Certain Americans in the Tropics

By Carleton Beals

American Author and Traveller

Some sniff, some cavort—but others blend gracefully into the new scene. How all behave means much today.

A AMERICANS who go to the countries immediately to the south are much like Americans anywhere at home. Yet they are also different, because any foreign country, from the very fact that it is foreign, presents a challenge, and the impact of it changes each individual.

That challenge can be met by defiance, or by complete acceptance, or by a compromise of the two. The conflict begins with little things and works up to a whole attitude toward a foreign people. Take a petty example: The knobs on Mexican doors are set closer to the edge than in the United States. As a result, until you become habituated, you are constantly bruising your hand. Many visitors curse out the Mexicans. Others are merely amused. A few seek to understand why these doorknobs are different, which leads to the reflection that Mexicans are not nearly in such a hurry as Americans.

And so in a foreign land the visitor has to learn how to do a series of simple things in a new way—which is doubly disconcerting to the resident of a country as standardized as the United States.

But every minor detail of this sort in some way conforms to the logic of a different cultural pattern—provided one has the wit to see it. It is obvious enough why a special fork, unknown to the American silver service, is used to eat a mango, but the reason for other unexpected contrivances is not always easily discovered.

For purposes of state, it may not matter to Mr. Cordell Hull that the minute you cross the Suchiate River from Mexico into Guatemala the thatched roofs are steeper; but for the traveller who sees the fact as an index of changing climate, and along with that a different complex of customs, institutions, and national psychology, the resultant understanding will enrich his thought for life.

Merely to compare things in a foreign setting with what you have at home is the surest way to go wrong about what you see. Our cultural pattern is handed to us, ready-made, at birth. For Americans, it comprises accessibility to material things in a standardized form, a group of commonly shared ideas about American efficiency, democracy, government, property rights, education, sex relations, the freedom of women, rules of the road, and what not. It usually also includes a firm belief in the superior greatness of America and the inferiority of all other peoples, and an almost pathological fear of germs.

The instinctive reaction of Americans abroad is to resist any change whatsoever in their homeland habits and outlook. And so the American who can afford it, hurries to surround himself with as many truly American appurtenances as possible. He lives exclusively in his own small circle of American friends; he has his own clubs, his own schools, and, wherever possible, his own hospital and graveyard. The normal process of the American in Latin America is to become as insulated as possible from his environment.

Back home, if he is absent long, his own community is evolving, modernizing; and its ideas have altered to suit. But the American resident abroad clings to his idea of what Homeville was when he left. He is cut off from the evolution in his own country and has no organic connection with the one in which he lives.

All this is accompanied by an ever-growing feeling of superiority. He is prone to view the life of the country in which he finds himself solely according to the possibilities for personal gain or for profit for the corporation which employs him. Often he believes in the most reactionary dictatorship for his adopted country, in armed intervention, and in

American territorial imperialism. He becomes an ardent admirer of American democracy as he conceives it, yet in the next breath is telling you that the only solution for a country in Latin America is the man-on-horseback, strong-arm rule.

It would be completely unjust to say that all Americans abroad display such provinciality. Many really seek to understand the country and the people about them. Many, especially women, become collectors of native handicrafts or they go in for Indians in a big way, sallying forth to quaint Indian villages in the same spirit as the New Yorker visits the Metropolitan Museum. In time they even regret the influence of American motorcars, movies, and jazz.

Some more temporary visitors come down to get away from the machine age, and to dote on the simple life. I am reminded of a New York theater man who spent two weeks of his short stay trying to find a place with a native setting that had all the conveniences of a New York apartment. He remained in the most Americanized hotel in the city.

SOME visitors ardently affect to be part of the scene, even try to be native. They live in out-of-the-way places without comforts, wear serapes and broad sombreros, and drink tequila, or pisco. Sometimes in the case of the artist, this is a legitimate activity, for he is sincerely trying to experience the life he hopes to portray. But often it is a characteristic stunt of uprooted Bohemians.

The old adventurous American was more likely to adapt his ways to the environment than is the modern sedate businessman. Time was when most Americans in Latin America were either wanted in the United States or not wanted. Today the number of personal adventurers has declined [Continued on page 20]

Off the Pavement in Mexico

THERE are two Mexicos: the Mexico of the tourist trail, and the Mexico back of the curtain—up the side roads, in the villages, behind the grilled windows. This other Mexico is one of magnificent scenery, of unforeseen charm, of primitive customs, and yet of a high civilization drawn at once from indigenous sources and from the European streams that have fed it. For Mexico is Mexico; itself, no copy of others!

POPOCATEPETL (above) can be clearly seen from Mexico City, but to reach it is not a simple trip—involving travel by train, horse (or burro), and a long climb afoot. To scale the summit, some 18,000 feet above sea level, requires the skill of a veteran Alpinist (right). "Popocatepetl" means "smoking mountain."

Photos: (below and right) Sawders



Photo: Cass Calpin



NATIVE crafts produce wares that satisfy utilitarian and artistic longings—and delight discerning visitors. (Above) A potter plies his trade. (Below) A farmer plows with oxen and wooden plow.





Photo: Rotarian W. M. Simpson

A MAYAN woman (above) from the Yucatan peninsula. (Below) A pilgrim to the Shrine of Guadalupe, the basilica of Mexico's patron saint, pauses to rest.

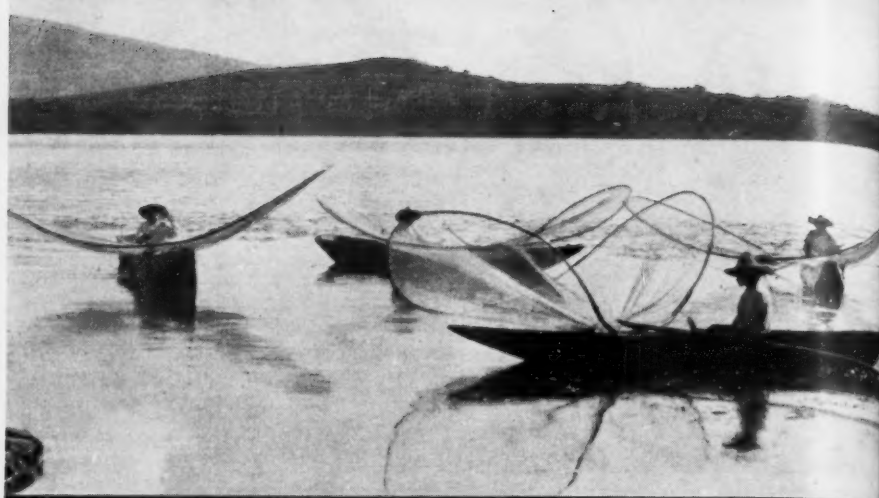


Photo: National Rev. of

FISHERMEN on Lake Patzcuaro, one of the several large lakes in the picturesque State of Michoacán.



FISHERMEN—for pleasure—at Acapulco (above), with a 2,000-pound devilfish, or manta ray, they captured. (Below) Displaying serapes, which the well-dressed man will wear, in the village market.

Photos: (above) Anderson Tours; (below) Sawders from Nesmith; (left) Rotarian L. V. B.

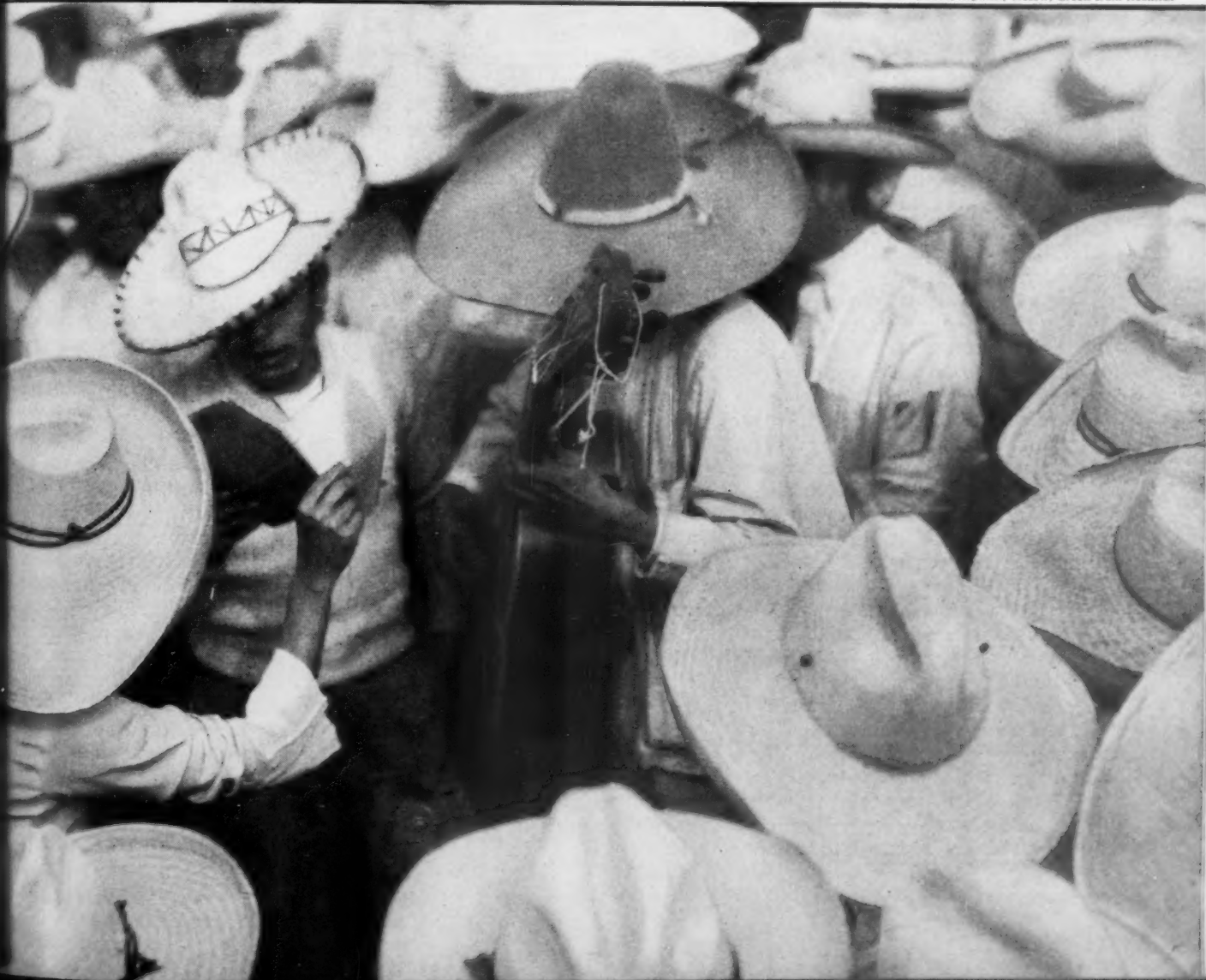




REN of Hermosillo dancing the *jarabe tapatio*. This form of the dance *jarabe*, which is marked by stamping of the foot, uses the man's hat center of the action, and is called "the hat dance" by Americans.

AS DID minstrels of the Middle Ages, these musicians sing *corridos*—songs which they have made up just now, to celebrate a hero of today or a memorable event of yesterday. The *corrido* is a sort of oral storybook.

Photos: (above) Ripalda; (below) Green from Nesmith



and the number of respectable, middle-class citizens increased.

The epoch for great independent promoters has definitely passed. The days when that bold genius Meiggs built his railroad against the skies in Peru, when Keith carved out a banana kingdom in Central America, when Steinhart laid the foundations of his public-utility empire in Cuba, when Doheny wildcatted for Mexican oil, now belong to the romance of a fast-vanishing frontier.

FOR one thing, the natural resources of Latin America, barring new discoveries, have been pretty well mapped out and those which can be exploited within a reasonable length of time have been largely snapped up by large corporations. Second, the growth of economic nationalism to the south makes native Governments more skeptical of the adventurer type. Third, nearly all the southern countries have built up barriers against the more adventurous foreigner. Mexico decrees that 90 percent of all employees must be Mexican; other countries have similar restrictions. Many have severe immigration laws. A sinner can get by St. Peter easier than into Venezuela or Bolivia.

But the human backwash of that earlier glamorous adventure period may be found in the nooks and corners of Latin America. A few have built up small businesses or have worked into good corporation jobs. But many have gradually sunk into the pattern of their environment. I recall a handsome jovial American on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, married to an equally handsome Tehuana Indian woman, with five strapping children, all of whom speak Indian and Spanish, but no English. At the headwaters of the San Juan River in Nicaragua, I found an old American who had come in on a sailboat with the last of William Walker's filibuster expeditions and had settled on a little plot of ground in an interior province. He had married a Nicaraguan girl and had gradually become a wealthy landowner. He had never once in 60 years left the interior of his adopted country.

While some Americans have set out deliberately to go native, as an artist friend of mine did, others

have lived snobbishly aloof from the native scene until some dramatic experience has suddenly melted them into emotional kinship with the land of their adoption. Such a story is excitingly told in Mrs. Rosa E. King's *Tempest Over Mexico*.

Mrs. King was the owner of a fashionable hotel in the tourist resort of Cuernavaca. Her clients were Presidents, wealthy Mexicans and foreigners, diplomats, and the cream of society. But one day revolution swept over the land, and she went on a four-day march with 8,000 refugees to reach the capital and safety. At first she had bitterly resented the revolution, had said that she was no part of it or the land. But preparing for flight at dawn, she thinks: "We are all in the same plight. . . . They had lost their home. I had lost mine. Death stared us in the face."

Strangely, at such a moment, peace came over her. She no longer felt alone, apart. Distinctions of race, nationality, class, meant nothing at such a moment. "I was with these people. I was one of them." Her feeling deepened still more as they all fled. She suddenly realized that since she had lost everything, she really belonged with those revolutionists who were trying to destroy her.

"I caught the rhythm of their feeling and understood that to them *la revolución* was infinitely more than the revolution of 1910. It was a long continuous movement of resistance, like a rolling wave, that had swelled against Cortés and the conquistadors, and the greedy Aztec war lords before them; that had engulfed the armies of Spain and the armies of France as it now engulfed the *hacendados*. It was a struggle of these people for a birthright, to develop in their own way, in spite of strangers. . . . And so silent and vast and unceasing was the struggle that it seemed to me as though the sleeping earth itself had stirred to cast off the artificial things that lay heavy on it."

A large class of Americans is comprised of the goodwillers. I remember one woman who was trying to convince the local government to let her install American playgrounds in all the hamlets of the land. In places where

the child, not part of an industrialized system, has all outdoors as his back yard to play in, I can imagine no greater means of atrophying his imagination and normal play instincts.

Another good woman of Amazonian proportions was intent on founding in Mexico a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Any little innocent burro would have curled up and died in agony just at the sight of her. In a land which had just been swept by revolution, the efforts of this particular goodwill seemed singularly out of place.

Critical as my account sounds, it is written with a great love for human foibles. The American, his motives, his actions, his hopes, stand out in strange relief against the broad canvas of an alien scene. Sometimes freed from homeland trammels, his baser instincts immediately come into play.

During America's prohibition days the stock saying in Mexico and Cuba was that nobody ever saw a drunken native or a sober American. The antics of the most correct and circumspect school-teacher, once she gets where she can kick a mean slipper, are sometimes wondrous to behold. Conversely this liberation may equally cause many a circumscribed soul dedicated to mean pursuits at home to blossom out along noble lines. For some the foreign scene is an opportunity to throw off a mask long maintained and become natural human beings; for others it is a grand chance to pose as something they aren't. And some, posing at greatness, become great. There simply is no rule.

AND SO like all maxims, the one which states that foreign travel broadens the mind is often not true. Some travellers, indeed, broaden until they lose all perspective. For others, travel merely means a further confirmation of their own narrow concepts. For still others, this process of growing into a new scene is rich and enjoyable.

The wise man in a foreign land goes with the constant question "Why?" on his lips. That simple question, for those who remember it, will unlock more secrets of the ways of mankind than any other.



"IN THE MIDDLE of battle, with stuff dropping all around them, the men will put the mail call ahead of the mess call," reports the APO.

Mail Is a Munition

By Stanley High

Author and Journalist

That's what war taught the Allies—and now Uncle Sam gives high priority privileges to all letters from home.

THIRTY THOUSAND letters to American soldiers overseas were "lost" when a plane bound for Britain crashed into the sea off Newfoundland early last October. Two weeks later, divers recovered the 40 mailbags from 40 feet of water. At the Army Post Office in New York City, to which this water-logged shipment was returned, a special detachment of Army mail clerks took over. The bundled envelopes were spread on the floor; when they were dry enough to handle, each of the 30,000 envelopes was separately dried. Within a month's time all but 20 pounds of the 1,000 pounds of "lost" letters had been read-dressed, reënveloped when neces-

sary, and dispatched again by air-mail overseas.

Last Summer a boat that left Australia carrying mail from American troops was torpedoed and sunk far out in the Pacific. By chance a U. S. submarine some days later surfaced in that area and noted three mailbags floating on the water. The submarine commander picked them up and, when he got to port, delivered them to postal authorities. All were dried and successfully delivered. These envelopes are, by the way, valuable collectors' items.

The only time a submarine was deliberately used to carry Army mail was just before the fall of

Bataan, when an Army Postal man sacked the mail and got it aboard a submarine leaving Corregidor. Some of the letters are the last the soldiers' families ever received from them.

When the U. S. Expeditionary Force sailed for Africa, members of the Army Postal Service were on the first transports. En route they sorted mail received just prior to sailing. Ashore with the first landing parties, they set up mobile post offices, advanced with the troops, and, in some units, were passing out mail to soldiers who had been less than 24 hours in Africa.

Last August the public was informed that Christmas mail for

troops overseas should be posted by October 31. A few weeks before December 25, Army Postal Service saw that Christmas mail was still being posted here, and realized that a lot of soldiers would be disappointed. General Marshall and Secretary Stimson are great believers in the value of mail, so Army Postal decided to do something special. The Army Air Transport Command turned over more than a dozen big transport planes, which carried Christmas mail (some of it posted only ten days before December 25) to all key areas. Several of these planes carried three and one-half tons of mail each; altogether they transported 31 million letters which otherwise would not have reached the troops in time.

Thus, in post offices established on every continent, and on islands from Iceland to Tahiti, Guadalcanal, and Madagascar, the Postal Services of the Army and Navy are delivering the mail to America's fighting men, against unbelievable odds of geography, war, and acts of man and God. For the Government knows that mail from home is more than a fighting man's privilege. As boost and bolster for morale, it is a military necessity.

The overseas post offices are set up in trucks, tents, boats, hotels, churches, schools, and even castles. Army Postal Service keeps 30 inspectors busy visiting these post offices, finding out how things are going, and developing new ways of delivering the mail quicker. They fly in any plane they can, including tactical planes. One inspector was killed when the plane he rode in was shot down in Africa, and several others have been in crashes.

The Army Post Office on Guadalcanal is in a wooden building which the Japanese put up. Trucks from each combat unit pick up mail there, and platoon sergeants have carried letters directly to men in the fox holes. As the trucks roll along the road, soldiers and marines can be heard whooping, "Mail's in!" Ninety percent of the Christmas mail destined for the men on Guadalcanal—some 6,000 bags of letters and 60,000 parcels—was delivered before December 25.

In Greenland some mail is

dropped from planes by parachute. Several islands in Alaska are served by mail planes that fly low and drop the mailbags without parachute. Many bags of mail a week travel by air to the

Mail for Men Overseas

Use complete address.

Send no packages unless the soldier has requested the article and sends you his request and his commanding officer's written approval.

See that parcels do not exceed the prescribed size limit; wrap securely; use strong twine, heavy paper, a good container—not glass.

Send news clippings—entire newspapers are forbidden except on subscription, direct from the publisher.

Use V-mail; it goes by air, gets there faster and more safely, saves cargo space.

Don't put enclosures in V-mail letters; they can't be forwarded by microfilm.

Write often—and make it cheerful.

Aleutians. In Australia, chartered commercial planes give daily service over a 3,000-mile route.

When mail from home arrives at overseas post offices, the postal clerks start sorting it and don't stop until it's ready for distribution. For example, on December 15, 7,000 bags of mail arrived at New Caledonia; the post office went on a 24-hour shift until every letter was sorted.

Troops buy money orders by the thousands from the Army Postal Service to send home. They also buy them to keep, using the post office as a bank. The average money order written by civilians in the United States is \$6. For soldiers overseas it is close to \$50. In Iceland it is not uncommon for a soldier to buy several \$100 money orders at the same time—which means he has been the winner in a big crap or poker game. A remote Army Post Office in Alaska wrote 1,000 money orders in three days.

An officer of the Army Postal Service reports that "in the middle of battle, with stuff dropping all around them, men will put the mail call ahead of the mess call." In San Francisco a Navy skipper fresh from the Solomons told me that when his ship arrived in a port, the first inquiries from his

crew were not about food or drink or girls, but mail.

"If I had to choose," another skipper said, "between taking aboard fresh food or mail, I'd take mail every time. The boys seem to manage when they're short rationed on food, but being short rationed on mail really gets them down."

A general in North Africa reports that the greatest single factor affecting the morale of the troops there is the lack of mail. A Postal Service man from Algeria told of seeing a company of soldiers standing in chow line when the mail call was sounded; almost every man left the line and went running to see if there was a letter.

Just before the commander of an infantry company went into action in Africa, the mail came in. He was so amazed by the result on morale that he suggests mail be delivered just before an offensive. He says it makes better fighters.

During the six weeks prior to December 1, the Army handled 14 million pounds of letters and parcels for men at home and abroad. During the first 15 days of December, it delivered more than 31 million letters and postcards. The 2½ million Christmas packages for soldiers overseas and the tidal wave of letters made a volume of mail three times as great as that carried to American soldiers in France for the Christmases of both 1917 and 1918.

Army Postal Service estimates that the average soldier writes four letters a week and receives seven, and that more letters will be delivered in 1943 to American troops overseas than the entire United States population received in 1941. Navy mail has likewise broken all records. In San Francisco the Fleet Post Office, its own building jammed, has taken over two large piers to handle the overflow.

Not all this mail comes from the families or even friends of servicemen. To buck up Private Tommy Smith, whole counties have been organized to write him letters. A radio program offers prizes to children who get persons to write to soldiers. Of 150 letters recently received by a unit in Iceland, 83 such mass-production messages went to [Continued on page 56]

Refugees on a Rock

By Al Laughrey

WITHOUT the prod of duty, no one would elect in these troubled days to take a 3,000-mile trip on the parlous Pacific. Yet this Spring some 2 million wards of Uncle Sam will hazard such a journey; it will begin off the coast of southern California and end in the icy waters of the Bering Sea.

These plucky travellers are the Alaska fur seals. They've been making the trip each Spring for centuries, maybe millenniums. After a Winter spent no one knows where, these gentle mammals convene in the warm waters of the southern Pacific, then push their sleek brown heads northward toward five rocky islets called the Pribilofs* off the coast of Alaska. In past years this homeward trip has usually been without incident, for ten United

* The Pribilofs, a group of five tiny volcanic islands in the Bering Sea, lie some 250 miles northwest of Dutch Harbor, famed United States base on the Aleutian Island chain. Gerasim Pribilof, a Russian navigator, discovered the islands in 1786, having been drawn thereto, it is said, by a frightening roar which turned out to be the barking of millions of seals.

Photos: (left) Acme;
(below) U. S. Fish &
Wildlife Service



DON'T PITY that seal in your home-town zoo too much. He's lucky—compared with his 2 million cousins in the North Pacific, for war has made the latter prey to brutal sealing methods long prohibited. . . . That's a life-and-death matter to the famed Pribilof herd (below), to an industry, and—well, important to milady. The large-black seals in the photo are bulls; medium ones, cows; tiny ones, pups.



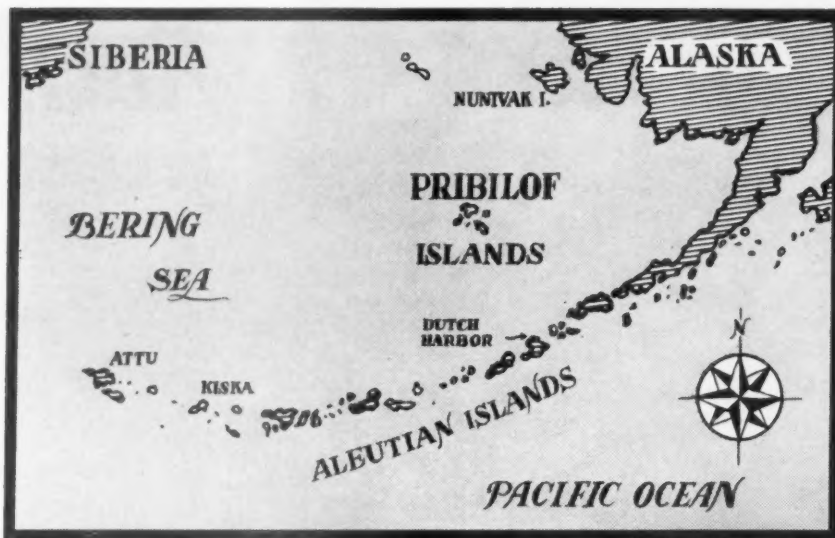
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Map by H. Charles Underwood

WHY THEY chose the Pribilofs is one of Nature's secrets—but as sure as Spring, the Alaska fur seals desert Winter playgrounds off California, and rendezvous in these isles.

States Coast Guard cutters have cruised along with the herd to assure its safe arrival. But this year's migration raises ominous questions:

Can Uncle Sam spare the ships to insure a safe journey? If so, will the seals choose a route beyond the reach of poachers and removed from active hostilities? Will they steer clear of mine fields which would make adequate patrol impossible? These are but a few of the question marks that becloud the future of *Callorhinus alascanus*, and they merge in the one big question: Is the Alaska fur seal to continue his idyllic existence, or is he fated again to suffer a brutal decimation of his ranks which this time might be final?

THAT is a big question, one so loaded with economic and political implications as to make it a wartime and post-war problem of first-rate urgency. For one thing, there's the multimillion-dollar industry which has sprung from milady's passion for the seal's dense and silky pelt.* If the seal goes, it goes, too.

The seal is, in himself, an international problem. In a sense that's his own fault; his migratory habits are to blame. He spends six or seven months of the year at sea—which puts him beyond the jurisdiction of any one nation on the North Pacific, but at the

mercy of all. His fate, therefore, rests upon the ability of those nations to cooperate for his protection.

This they had been doing splendidly for 30 years under a treaty known as the North Pacific Sealing Convention. That agreement—signed in 1911 by the United States, Great Britain, Russia, and Japan—put an end to pelagic sealing, the inhumane and bloody practice of killing the seal while he is in the water. It also provided that the United States should handle the protection of the animals and the annual taking and marketing of a certain percentage of pelts. All went well for three decades.

Then two months before Pearl Harbor, Japan abrogated the seal treaty, contending that the fur bearers were invading Japanese waters and eating too many squid and food fish. Japan had fared well under the pact, averaging \$75,000 a year in seal-pelt receipts without lifting a harpoon. Whatever the reason for Japan's withdrawal, it spelled an end to three decades of security for seals at sea. And no sooner had it been announced than Japanese newspapers broke out with plans for extensive pelagic sealing by Japanese fishing fleets.

To understand pelagic sealing—which had reduced the Pribilof herd from an estimated 5 million seals in the late 1700s to about 100,000 in 1911—is to fight its return. Here is how it works: A sealing vessel approaches a herd

at sea and begins firing without regard for age or sex. Men in dories take out after the victims, but seldom recover more than one out of five, since a dead seal sinks almost immediately. Losses are tremendous, and most of the victims are "cows," mother seals with young pups on shore at the Pribilofs. Unfed, the pup eventually dies on the rocky beach where for days he has whimpered and vainly looked out to sea. Killing a female seal means more than this, however; she whelps a pup a year until her natural death at about age 18.

The tragic wastefulness of pelagic sealing stands out doubly clear when held against the heroic job that has been done in rescuing the Alaska fur seal from past threats of extinction, a job that experts have termed "the greatest feat of conservation through international cooperation in history." The seal, it has been shown, can be protected, encouraged, and "cropped" much as a nation crops its pheasants or forests or oil fields. But ere we go into that, let's take a closer look at the seal himself.

FIRST, there are many kinds of him—and in many places. Up in the North Atlantic, for instance, you find the Greenland seal, the hooded seal, the bearded seal, the gray seal, the common seal. All save the last two are still hunted for their skins and fat and are protected by international agreements. Atlantic-Arctic sealing still accounts annually for some 600,000 seals.

But the fur seals (*Otaridae*) are our interest here. Unlike those named above, they have a short, soft, permanent undercoating of fur so dense that they never get wet. It is this which makes milady coo. The Pribilof herd comprises 80 percent of the world's fur seals. What life is like in that herd is, therefore, important evidence in the Case for Seals.

The bulls, mature male seals, begin to arrive at the Pribilofs early in May. Having wintered in the Gulf of Alaska, they precede the main herd by several weeks. After hauling his ponderous bulk, often 700 pounds, up onto the cinder cones and volcanic formations of one of the five islands, the bull

* The Pribilof seals, which, according to a recent census, number some 2,380,000, have a potential peltry value of 100 million dollars.

scouts about for a spot to set up housekeeping. And what housekeeping! To say that the bull seal is polygamous is gross understatement; he has a "harem" of 20 to 100 wives, 40 being about average.

About the first of June, the bull peers through the mists and grunts a joyous welcome to the cows. From then on, for several weeks, the Pribilofs are the noisiest islands in any sea. The wooing, fighting, and bawling of some 2½ million seals can be heard ten miles. Let a wife seek greener pastures, and her lord and master grasps her by the nape of the neck and tosses her over his shoulder. She seldom attempts another A.W.O.L. If another bull with designs on any of the harem ladies approaches, a fight unto the death is certain. Should the harem master lose, 40 wives have a new husband for the season. The island uproar rises higher, if possible, with the arrival of the "debutantes," young females who have just become eligible to the harems.

NEXT EVENT in these remarkable households is a large boost in population. Within a week after their arrival on the beaches, most cows have given birth to a young seal whose prenatal life began just a year before on these same shores. Keeping these babies content with milk ten times as rich as cow's milk sends the mother off on constant fishing trips—and it is then that she is particularly vulnerable to the pelagic sealer.

But your fur coat, Madame, comes not from the backs of bull, cow, or pup, but from the back of the bachelor seal. He is the young and immature male who, with his fellows, hauls himself up on a place well apart from the harems, a place called "the hauling ground," and never does he cross the wide channel of demarcation unless he is prepared to battle for his life and rights. Then, early in August, United States Government employees at St. Paul's Island invade his precincts, tag some of the bachelors for survival and others for their pelts (the skin of a 3-year-old male seal being the most valuable). Those marked for furs are driven away from the main herd and painlessly killed. The pelts are salted down



SEALING'S still big business in the North Atlantic, too—and fraught with icy perils. Brought in as for centuries by sealing ships, hunters track the herds across the snow. Photo: Acme

and shipped to St. Louis, Missouri, where they are treated and sold at public auction. The U. S. Government collects all funds. In the past it sent 15 percent of the proceeds to Japan, Great Britain taking an equal share in raw pelts delivered to Canada.

The Government's sealskin marketing is big business. In 1867 the United States bought Alaska, with the Pribilofs thrown in, for \$7,200,000. Since the time of that purchase, pelt sales of Pribilof seals have netted more than ten times that amount.

The Government's auction in September, 1941, moved 95,000 skins and brought \$1,363,000 in receipts. It was the biggest year since 1889. But all that is history now. Supplies of Alaskan sealskin have been cut off for the duration of the war. The United States Navy has taken over the Pribilofs from the Bureau of Fisheries, and the workmen employed in the sealing industry have been evacuated. The Fouke Fur Company, of St. Louis, which has auctioned the seal furs for the Government since 1913, hopes, however, to stretch existing stocks a long way, possibly into 1944.

By the time Winter warnings hit the Pribilofs, the Alaska fur seals are ready for their mass exodus, and late November sees hardly a seal anywhere. Once in the water, the seals forget family ties and it's every man—or woman—for himself. The cows point

their whiskered noses toward California; the bulls angle for the Gulf of Alaska; and many of the babies drop off for the season in the Aleutians.*

But now there are stirrings of Spring again, and soon the Pribilof herd will head for its June rendezvous in the North. Uncle Sam will provide armed escort, as far as it can be spared from more important business—for the three remaining signatories to the 1911 treaty still consider it binding. But, like so much of the rest of the world and its inhabitants, the fate of the seal depends upon how quickly peace returns to the Pacific—and upon who writes it.

And so, milady, in the soft folds of that rich black coat you "adore" is hidden a problem. It, like many another created by the ways of Nature and the desires of man, can be solved only by nations working together. The alternative is strife, waste, and a feeble and short-lived peace.

Fate of the Seal

End note In a way, Catherine the Great of Russia started all this you have just read about. Attiring herself in seal pelts Gerasim Pribilof brought her, she made the luxurious furs fashionable and the life of the seal precarious. As Mr. Laughrey points out, the fate of this sad-eyed amphibian mammal depends on the cooperation of nations—which places this article within the thesis of our "A World to LIVE In" series (see page 8). Also, the article complements *Salmon on the Peace Table*, by Edward W. Allen, in the February issue—another case study in international frictions.—Eds.

* See *My Friends the Aleuts*, by O. J. Murie, in the February ROTARIAN.



Photos: (above & page 27) Acme

**By Robert M. Yoder
and George Thiem**

Soybeans have been known for centuries to the Chinese—but it took the scientist to transform them into glue, clothing, doorknobs, paint oils, and a thousand other needed items. Now, soybeans rival corn and wheat as fruits of the farm.

This article is the third in the series on "Putting Science to Work." Preceding installments told of wood and plastics. Next month: food preservation.

"HAVE SOME soup," said the chemist. He put a tablespoon of yellow powder in a bowl, poured in hot water, and stirred. For a soup which is making history, it looked remarkably commonplace.

"Try a slice of this sausage," the chemist went on. Like the soup, nothing about the sausage marked it as exceptional. You could eat yourself groggy on it without suspecting you had taken on anything unusual. Certainly you would never suspect that these foods play a rôle in world politics. Yet they do.

These, you will soon find, are portentous groceries!

Where these foods differ from others is that they're supercharged with a cheap and plentiful form of protein—a meal or flour that does the work of meat. Two and a half cents' worth of this flour contains as much protein as a pound of beef. It is made from soybeans.

There is nothing new about soybean meal. Any American cow could tell you all about it—she's been getting 95 percent of all that's produced in the United States. (There is nothing new, for that matter, about the soybean*

* "Soybean" is an American name. Purists insist on saying "soya bean," the name under which this Asiatic crop was introduced to the United States. It may also be called "soja," although it never is. —THE AUTHORS.

itself. The Chinese have been eating it for 50 centuries.) What is new is the fact that soybean meal is proving extremely valuable as a war food for humans, and may prove even more valuable as a food with which to win the peace.

"The soybean," said the chemist who served the soup and sausage, "provides a means, we believe, of extending the protein supply to feed the world." That is something to remember if the "Arsenal of Democracy" has to become the "Soup Kitchen of the World."

That is in the future. What counts right now is that the modest soybean—having geared itself into the war effort as neatly as if it had been designed by the General Staff—is potently fortifying the diets of fighting men and civilian soldiers on far-flung fronts, and is supplying the raw stuff for paints, plastics, glue, fertilizer, explosives, and a hundred other items which are needed now in 1943. It is even ready to go to bat in the synthetic-rubber pinch.

So deeply has the hairy little legume insinuated itself into the war effort that American farmers will this year plant some 10½ million acres (against less than 6 million in 1941). And if you should happen to pass a field of soybeans this Summer, you may

safely say to yourself, "I am gazing on important flora," for this was one of the first two crops—flax was the other—on which the United States Government guaranteed a good stiff *minimum* price—\$1.60 a bushel, twice what soybeans were worth in 1941. And all this for an upstart crop that didn't "make" the Chicago Board of Trade until eight years ago.

But you need to know this about the soybean — before we crack it further: It's an eccentric. Unlike most plants, this vegetable is short on carbohydrates and long on proteins and fat. Indeed, it's a powerhouse of proteins. "The nearest thing to pure protein known to chemistry," is what experimenters call a Swiss-type cheese they make from soybean milk. You have here, in short, a food that makes the old master, Milk, look to its laurels . . . an

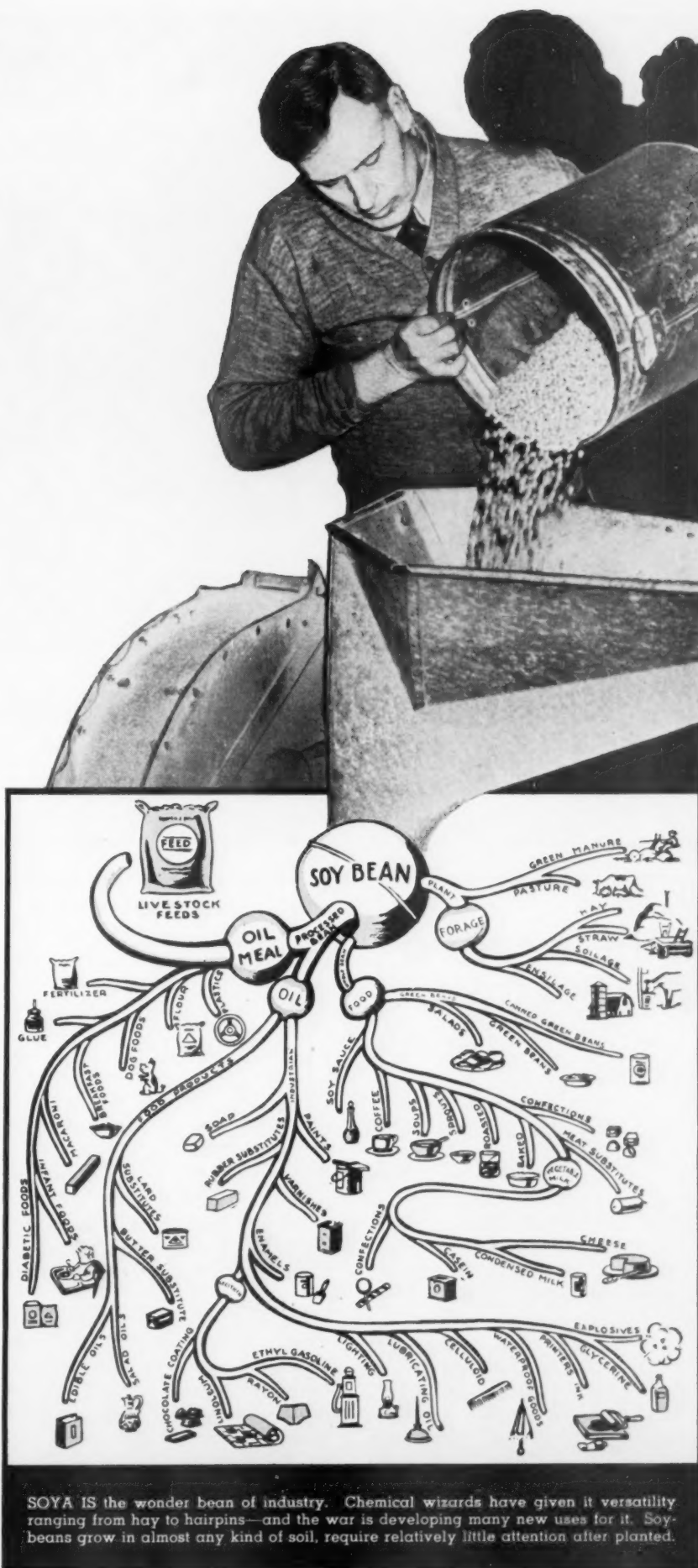
item that is fast proving to be man's most versatile vegetable.

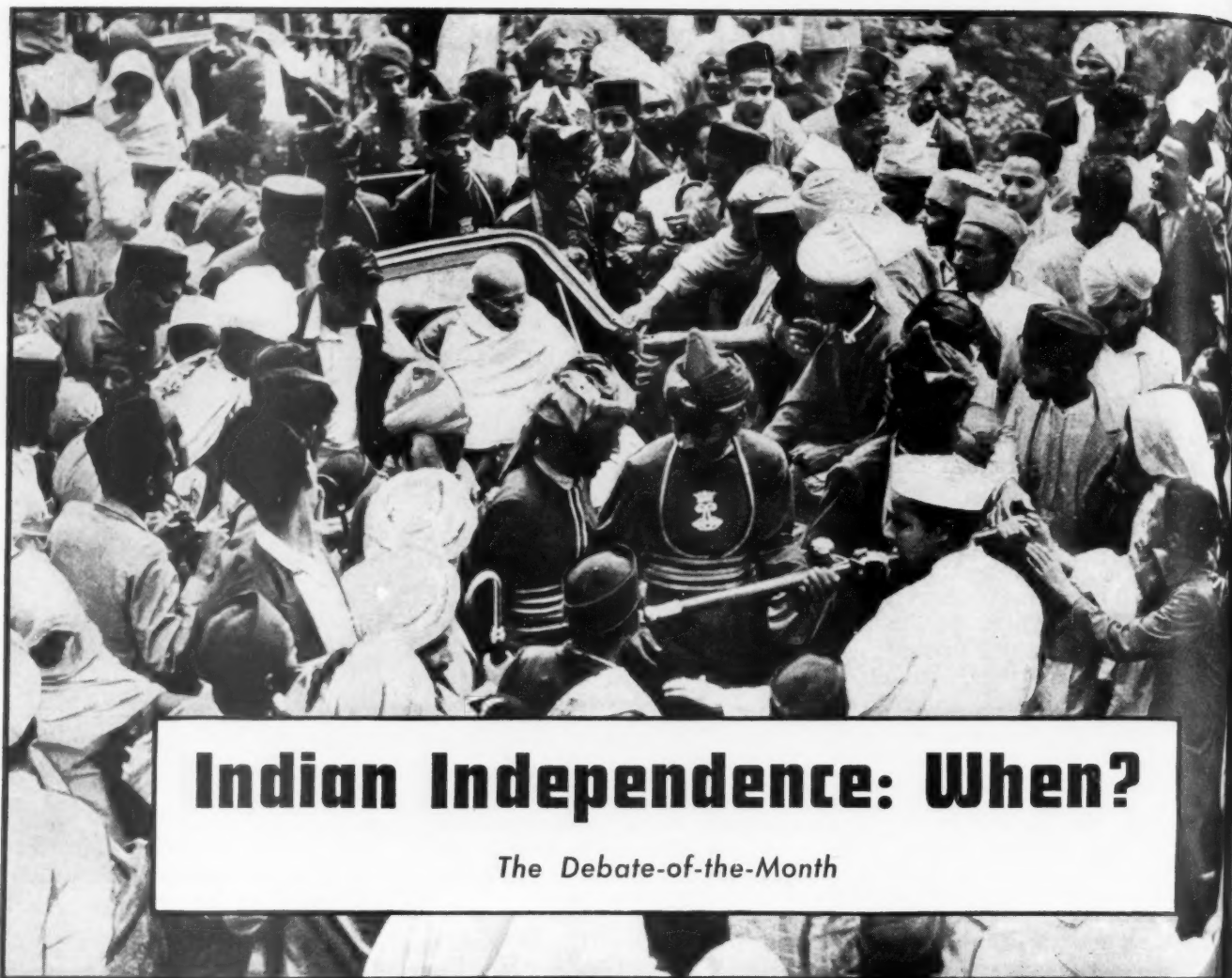
Now then, let's see what the soybean's doing to feed a hungry world. The "instant" soup we mentioned gets its flavor and color from dried yellow peas; what the soybean flour gives it is extra punch at low cost. Eating a bowl of it is roughly equivalent to eating a bowl of ordinary soup plus a roast-beef sandwich. And the wholesale cost is a penny a bowl. Tons of it are helping provision England, other tons are going to the American Red Cross, and it is stepping up the hot school-lunch program in many localities.

The sausage (undoubtedly doomed to be called "soysage") is only 66 percent meat. Water, salt, and seasoning account for 12 percent, and soybean meal makes up the remaining 22 percent. A pound of meat is thus stretched to be a pound and a third. Yet the fortified "soysage" is in no sense "diluted." On the contrary, adding soybean flour makes the sausage richer, with a protein content higher than that of straight beef or pork, for the soybean is more like meat than meat is. That should gladden the heart of the "hot dog" fan if the Federal Government writes an arbitrary sausage formula which includes soybean meal. An official of the Office of Price Administration recently told the press that that is certain to come.

Blitzkrieg calls for foods packing a large wallop in small weight and space. Parachute troops are supplied with a small biscuit that is a veritable little giant of nourishment. It is made of soybean flour, dried eggs, dried milk, wheat flour, and some assorted vitamins, getting a modernized hardtack that is as rich in protein as beefsteak. A ton of the "instant" soup, to mention it once more, will serve a bowl of soup to 32,000 persons. Obviously, here is a form of protein far easier to transport than slabs of bacon or sides of beef.

Finding soybean meal so useful is a nice break, for until now, meal has been one of the soybean's side lines. The soybean's principal product and best seller has been soybean oil, which is used more [Continued on page 54]





Indian Independence: When?

The Debate-of-the-Month

Photo: Acme

Now—To Help the Allies Win the War

Says Tarini Prasad Sinha

INDIA is the contemporary not only of ancient Greece with which it exchanged ambassadors, but of Egypt, Rome, and Persia. While all those nations of old have passed away, the Chinese and Indians are two peoples who have kept a continuity with their ancient civilizations.

Space forbids even an inventory of India's contributions to the civilizing of man, but let it be noted—as your encyclopedia will confirm—that this discussion is about a people who were once great, but through the vicissitude of time have come to be subject to an alien power.

Partly due to the disillusionment caused by the last World

War, and largely under the high moral and ethical precepts that Mr. Gandhi's leadership brought forth, the concept of freedom of the Indian National Congress Party today is the freedom of the masses and not of the cultured and privileged few. It is freedom for women and for submerged classes. It is freedom from the humiliation of superior-race-obsessed alien rule, from economic exploitation of the priestcraft, and from the tyranny of the Indian princes kept and protected by the British.

In 1917, after the collapse of Russia in the World War, Mr. Lloyd George, as head of the coalition British Government, made a declaration in the House of Commons that at the end of the War the British Government would accord to India an equality of status with other members of the British dominions.

After the War, when the Gov-

ernment of India Bill was introduced in the British House of Commons, almost all sections of Indian political opinion were aghast at the great difference between the provisions of the Bill and the promises. Mr. Gandhi characterized it as Satanic. He proposed to the Congress a program of noncooperation with the British Government.

Under Mr. Gandhi's leadership the Congress deliberately shaped itself to become the party of the common man. Its membership fee was reduced from \$100 a year to 4 cents a year. In 1920 the Party's membership was opened to Indians of all races, religions, and economic classes, and of both sexes, on absolutely equal terms.

Under Mr. Gandhi's leadership the Congress Party agreed, in political affairs, to use tactics of nonviolence only. Mr. Gandhi, on the other hand, acknowledged that the Party has the inherent

right and prerogative of all political parties—namely, the use of force, as and when it decides to use it. He but asked that any future reversal of the policy of nonviolence be made in the open, so that he and those few who thought as he thinks could withdraw from active participation. On January 26, 1930, the Indian National Congress declared complete independence of India as its unalterable goal.

The British Government had appointed a Parliamentary Commission in 1927 to inquire into the working of the Government of India Act of 1919. After ponderous inquiries and prolonged delays, the present Government of India Bill was introduced in the House of Commons in 1936. It consisted of two parts. Under part one, 11 provincial legislatures were created, with a majority of representatives elected by approximately 23 percent franchise. The Governor was to be appointed by the King of England, was irremovable and unimpeachable, possessed not only the power to veto, but also the absurdity of the power of certification; that is, that after the legislature had voted a bill down, the Governor could certify it and the bill became law as though it had been passed by the legislature. Not all members of the legislature were to be elected; the Governor was to appoint his cabinet from the majority party in the legislatures.

Under such terms, the Congress Party won a clear majority in eight out of 11 Provinces, while in two other Provinces also it was the largest political party. In ten Provinces the Congress Party was invited by the governors and formed the governments and ruled those Provinces from 1937 to 1939. Its achievements of those two years it respectfully offers to be compared with any 15-year period's achievements of British rule.

The second part of the Constitution was to have come in operation in 1940. The Indian National Congress had vehemently opposed that particular provision in the Constitution whereby not only the elected representatives of the 11 Provinces but also the appointees of 500-odd Indian princes, whose subjects number about one-third

of the population of India, were to form the federal legislature. They and appointees of the Viceroy of India virtually formed a majority. The Indian Congress opposed the principle of appointment to the legislature by the princes, in place of popular election.

At the beginning of the Second World War, the British Government declared war on behalf of India without any reference to either the central or the provincial legislatures. And when in exactly 11 minutes the House of Commons and Lords amended the existing Government of India Act to postpone the promulgation of the federal part of the government until after the war, all 11 of the provincial governments resigned. Thereupon, the Congress, under the leadership of Mr. C. Rajagopalachary, dropped Mr. Gandhi's nonviolence policy, and offered the Party's support to the British Government in the present war by taking over the military defense of India.

SOON thereafter the Party was declared an illegal organization and leaders were arrested and prosecuted. Before long approximately 120,000 people were in jail. World-wide interest was aroused and, no doubt, aided in the release of many prisoners.

In the meantime, Japan entered the war. For five years she had been making slow progress in conquering independent China, but she quickly ran through the territories subject to European powers. When old yokes were removed, the populace committed acts of the most reprehensible and vile brutality on European officers, commercial people, civilians of all sorts—women and children not excluded. Even missionaries, who in many cases had given a lifetime of devoted service, were massacred. To me, the greatest condemnation of European rule in Asia is that it has constantly engendered hatred among the people, in which they have lived from generation to generation. And it is in that hatred that their moral and spiritual worth has gone down, as it is bound to under such conditions.

After the debacle in Malaya and Burma, we in India were not—and we still are not—convinced

that British arms, even with the aid of America, could defend our country without a people's army. India has no such army. Only in two Provinces adjacent to Burma are the people allowed to arm themselves—with bamboo sticks not more than three feet long!

Britain's army in India has been traditionally small, some 150,000 men recruited from two or three groups deemed "loyal." But of late a new army is being raised which, being composed of volunteers, is therefore said to be a tribute to the magnanimity of British rule. But the bulk of these soldiers come from a class of Indians who, I regret to say, have never had enough to eat and are enlisting to get food. These "rice soldiers" have no will to fight; when used in Burma, they went over to the other side.

To keep Japan out of India is an avowed purpose of the India National Congress. In 1927 at an International Congress of subject and oppressed peoples, held at Brussels, Jawaharlal Nehru and I, as delegates and in the name of our Party, denounced Japanese imperialism in Asia. The Party endorsed the resolution in 1929, and each year since 1931, when Manchuria was invaded, has reiterated its stand. The Congress was, therefore, well aware of the hostility of the Japanese when



MR. SINHA for 20 years has been a friend and disciple of Gandhi and has represented the Congress Party at many international meetings. He is now in the United States.



SIR CHARLES Morgan-Webb, a Rotarian of Finchley, England, spent 30 years in Burma as economist in the India Civil Service. He is at present lecturing in the United States.

they poised in Burma, awaiting the decline of the monsoons, before striking across the Bay of Bengal at Calcutta and at Madras. Probably that attack would have materialized had it not been for the intervention of the American fleet in the Solomons.

In the meantime, Sir Stafford Cripps arrived in India with a most extraordinarily complicated offer of post-war solution for the Indian problem. The Congress examined the plan and rejected it. We were—and are—perfectly sanguine that at the end of the war the freedom of India would come in proportion to the extent the people of India are able to exert moral, spiritual, and material strength against the British Government. But our main concern was the immediate matter of keeping the invader out of India—now.

At the instance of Colonel Louis Johnson, representing President Roosevelt, a plan was worked out for transferring the defense of India to a Pacific War Council, in Washington, in which the Government of India, composed of Indians and presided over by Indians, was to be represented. By this arrangement the Viceroy was to hold a position comparable to that of the Governor General of Canada. But when Sir Stafford pressed the proposal that the

Viceroy should head the Government with power to appoint the representative to the Pacific War Council, the Congress demurred strongly and all negotiations broke down. Sir Stafford returned to England, where the blame for his failure was laid on Mr. Gandhi's intervention.

So again, the Congress Party has been declared illegal, and several thousands of Indians have been imprisoned. Collective fines and public whipping laws have been promulgated. But Mr. Amery, Secretary of State for India, has announced that he had taken pains explicitly to instruct the police that no whipping should be done with canes thicker than his little finger.

It is not surprising that civil authority in India is deteriorating sadly. Yet even today Indians are eager to take their full share in defense not only of their country, but of Burma, Malaya, Java, Sumatra, Indo-China, Thailand, Korea, and other overrun lands. If the Japanese attack materializes with an utterly unarmed India to meet it, I do not see how, all the valor of the British Army notwithstanding, it could fail to succeed. The British Army after a brilliant fight would retreat—but the rape would be of our country,

the major sufferers would be our people.

The alternative is the creation of an Indian National Government now. Only it could arouse the sentiment of the Indian people themselves to protect their new-born government and liberty with their own armed forces, inch by inch if need be, even as the Chinese and the Russians have done and are doing.

To demand that every section of India be absolutely united behind a government is to reduce the problem to an absurdity. That kind of unity exists nowhere, not even in regimented Germany. The democratic technique calls for freely elected representatives of the minority and equally freely elected representatives for the majority who will find the common ground of agreement on which to build a government.

A free India now could muster the greatest resources of men and materials in Asia and definitely turn the tide in favor of free and democratic institutions throughout the world. Peoples of all lands who believe in the freedoms named in the Atlantic Charter need the help of India. India stands ready to help, but to be effective now she must be free—now.

Indian Independence: When?

When the Indians Are Ready for It

Says Sir Charles Morgan-Webb

BRTAIN has no responsibility for the loss of Indian independence. For centuries before the British appeared as traders in India, it was under the control of foreign conquerors. The power of the foreign aid of the British was obtained to maintain control of their distant revolting Provinces. For a period of 200 years (roughly from 1650 to 1850) the dynasty lingered on. As its power collapsed in 1858, there was no rival to compete with Britain for the administration of the widely diverse peoples, races, religions, languages, castes, and civilizations comprised within the term "India." But India had no indepen-

dence for Britain to take away.

India gained enormously by the transfer of power from an irresponsible and oppressive government to British rule. From the outset the Indian government established by Britain sought to promote three objectives: unity, democracy, and independence. The three were regarded as being inseparable. Independence without unity meant anarchy and civil war. Independence without democracy meant tyranny.

The number of British officials in India has never exceeded a few thousands. Apart from general policy, the actual government of India is [Continued on page 58]

Old Man of Bolobo

By Attilio Gatti

Author and Traveller

PERCHED on the bank of the Congo River, the village of Bolobo slept under the equatorial sun. As the mail boat was made fast, a pirogue slipped between her and the shore. A black child leaped out, grounded the canoe, helped its other occupant, an ancient, blind native, who carefully carried a long, heavy bundle.

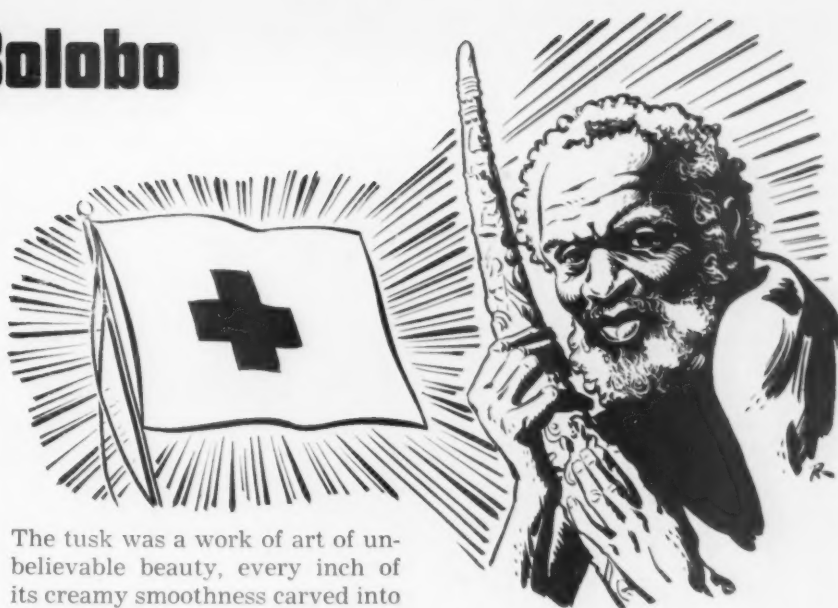
From the rail I saw them hurry up the bank. Their bodies, naked but for brief loincloths, glistened with sweat. Their torsos showed tattoos I recognized as those of a distant, primitive tribe.

"Poor devils," I thought. "A week of paddling all the way across from the French side—and now this." "This" was the emptiness of the ivory market of Bolobo. Usually it was filled with a noisy crowd—scores of Belgian officials and families on their way to Europe and a long-dreamed furlough, hundreds of native artists flocked in from the surrounding regions to sell their works. The first few months of the far war in Europe had wiped it all out. Leaves had been cancelled. I, on my way back to America, was the mail boat's only passenger. Bolobo's place was empty of any living creature.

The forsaken silence of the village struck the two natives as a bodily impact. The child made a gesture of helpless dejection. The old man hugged to his thin chest the heavy bundle, as if that ominous silence had tried to snatch it from him. Then he spoke and the child guided him to a flat slab of rock. There they crouched, unwrapped dry banana leaves, lovingly uncovered a three-foot-long elephant tusk.

Their eager expectation, the solidity of their faith, wrung my heart. Hastily, I went ashore. At my approach the child's eyes shone, the old man's wrinkled face lost some of its sadness.

We exchanged a word of salutation—then I was speechless.



The tusk was a work of art of unbelievable beauty, every inch of its creamy smoothness carved into human figures of startling expression and action. With the sensitiveness of the blind, the old man felt my incredulity.

"The eyes that I lost in my youth," he said, "ever since have been in my fingers."

I asked how many francs he wanted. He shook his head. The child spoke in his stead: "Francs to buy the Ancient-One blankets against the chill of night," he spoke with shrill excitement. "Francs to get baskets of banana flour against the pangs of hunger. Francs . . ."

"Yes," I smiled, "but how many?"

His liquid brown eyes filled with the light of all the riches to come: "Four hundred," he ventured.

Less than \$15! "I'll make it 500," I said.

I was handing the old man a huge Belgian bill, when Bolobo's lone official approached: "Something for the *Croix Rouge*?" And he extended his collection box.

As I again took out my wallet, the old man mumbled something.

"What?" asked the Administrator in Bangala dialect. "You know the *Croix Rouge*?" And, with the simplicity of one who knows the native mind, he briefly spoke of the Red Cross.

The old man listened attentively, emotions revealed only by his nervous hands, delicately folding and unfolding the big 500-franc note. Then he nodded.

"The Blood-Colored Cross!" he said gravely. "It was my last sight, as I fought and fell for

Stan-e-ley, the great *Amerikani*. It was worn by the men who buried my son, when five-and-twenty years ago he died in the war of the white peoples. It was on the arms of the white women who give good care to my grandson, now lying wounded in the far country of France. The cross of blood, of mercy, of pity." Again he nodded. "Yes. I know it. But, will it accept a poor black man's wealth?"

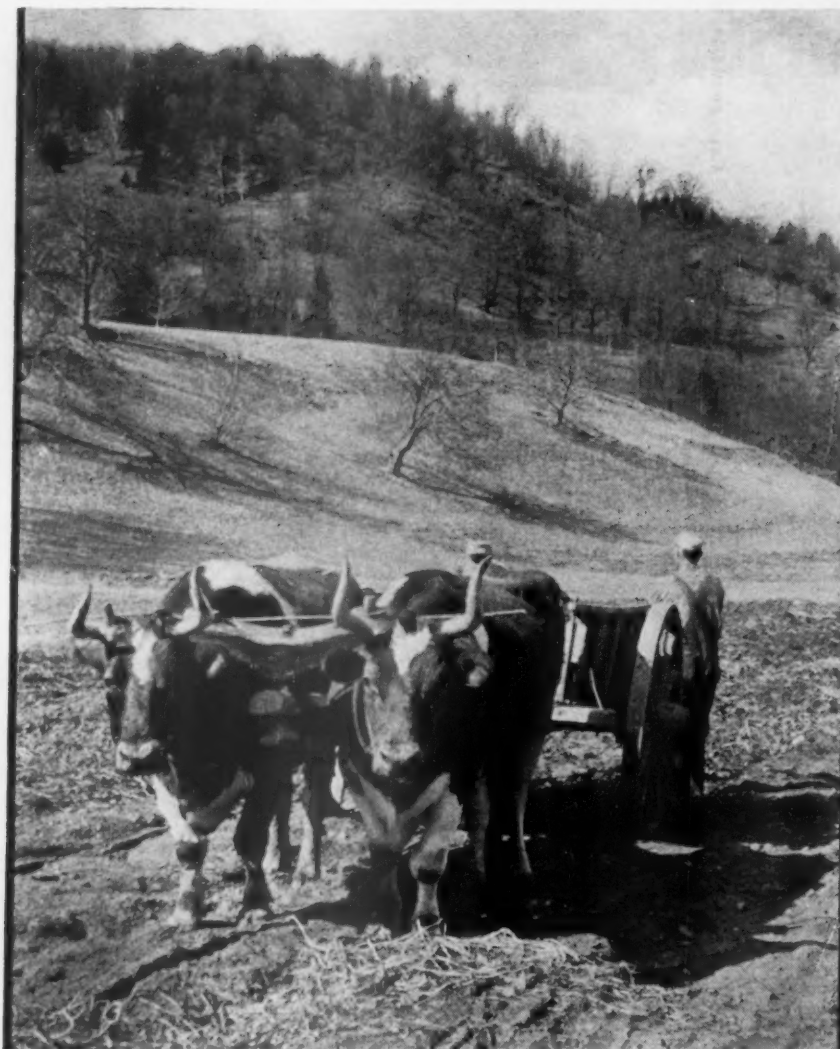
The child's perceptions were quicker than ours. "But, Ancient-One," timidly he protested, "the blankets. . ."

The Ancient-One rose painfully to his feet. His left hand steadied the son of his grandson. "Fire," he said, "is warmer than blankets, and dry branches are plentiful. Abundant are the fish in our river. And thou art a man."

His right hand fumbled for the box. "The Cross," he said humbly, "is merciful to white and black alike. For it has the color of blood. And the bloods of the suffering, of the wounded, of the dying, are all of the same color."

The Administrator's hand shook slightly. But not that of the old man. His seeing fingers searched for the slit, found it, slowly slipped in the 500-franc note. . . .

Today, when victory can be achieved only if everyone gives his utmost, it may not be fruitless to recall how a wise man of the African wilderness was able to give for the cause dearest to his ancient heart. Simply. Humbly. Utterly.



OXEN won second place in the Full-Color Division for F. Earl Williams, of Gardner, Mass. This is a black-and-white enlargement of his miniature Kodachrome transparency. He "bagged" it with a Welta camera.

... First Prize in the Full-Color Division went to another Bay Stater, Mrs. Dorothy Hodgkins, of Gloucester. She won with *Winter Magic*, a Kodachrome miniature shown on the cover. Her camera: Argus.

THE MILK BLOC (below) put "Dick" Whittington, of Los Angeles, Calif., on top in the Babies Division. He used a Graflex.

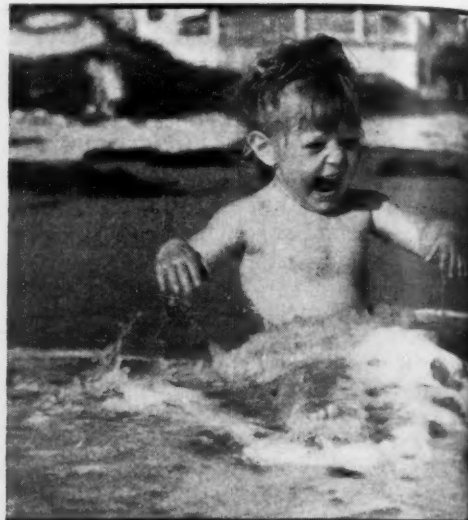


BRIGHT EYES proved the second-best baby shot. John A. Leland, of Washington Court House, Ohio, made it using a Rolleicord.



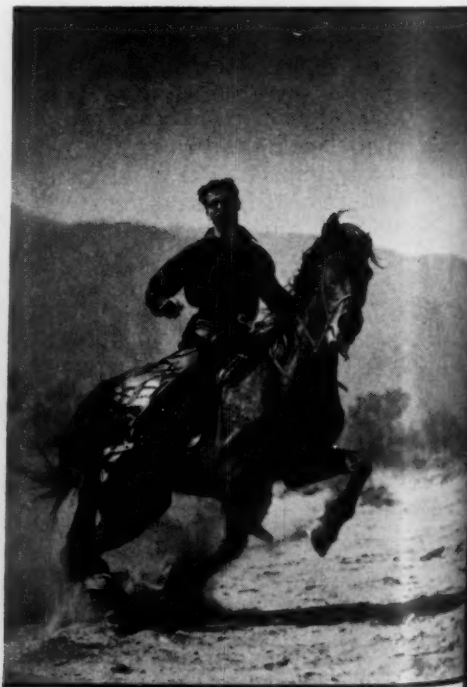
Shooting's Over

THE ROTARIAN'S Seventh Photo Contest is over . . . and some 30 Rotary folk from Beaumont, Texas, to Bombay, India, have "shot" their way to photographic victory. They will divide the spoils—\$350 in cash prizes. 'Twas a battle to remember, drawing 1,358 entries from 324 Rotarians or members of their families representing nine far-flung lands—the Fiji Islands among them—and three continents. The judges were Rotarians W. A. Graber (professional photo-



Eeeee! is what the photographer called this one. It was called it the best entry in the Children at Play Division. It's by "Dick" Whittington, of Los Angeles, who broke all Photo Contest records by winning three . . . This Division, incidentally, drew 312 entries and stood in popularity only to the Scenic Division, which drew 34 prints. The Full-Color Division came next with 125.

DESERT RIDER topped the Adults at Play Division to give "Dick" Whittington, of Los Angeles, Calif., his third "first." Used his Speed Graphic for this



er Here's Who Won

test is Beau-
"shot"
y will
was a
from
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judges
pho-

tographer), Harvey W. Framberg (vice-presi-
dent, Barnes-Crosby Company, photoengravers),
and Chester A. Rehm (secretary, Atlas Educa-
tional Film Company).

The winners—yes, we're coming to them—
may wear their lens-won laurels long, for this is
our last Photo Contest for the duration. War's
rising need of the gadgets and "soups" of pho-
tography prompts that decision. To learn the
winners and what they won, just turn the page.

WITH *Hurry Up Call* (below) Mrs. Karl
B. Cuesta, of Tampa, Fla., won second
place in the highly contested Children
at Play or Work Division. She caught
it with her trusty Super Ikonta "B."

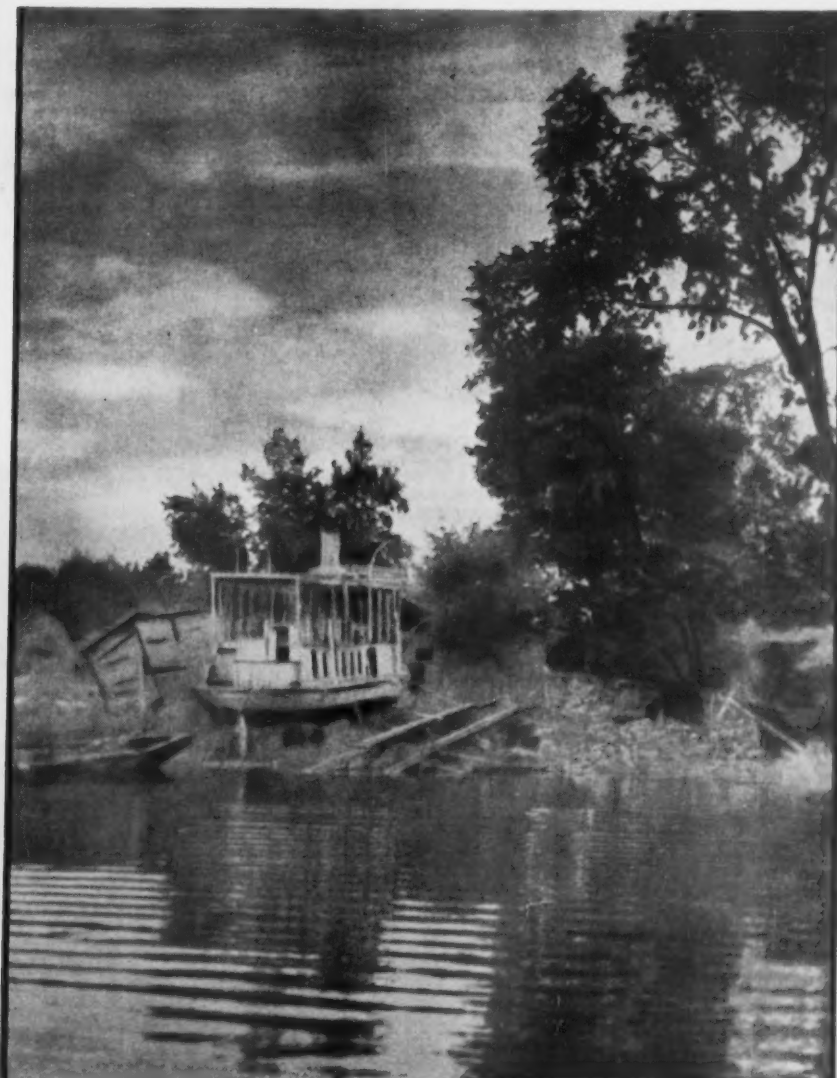


SECOND-PRIZE money in the Adults at Play class
went to Ivan D. Smith, of Wayland, Mich., for his
highlighted *Hula*. He achieved it with a Rolleicord.



PEACEFUL VALLEY won first in the Scenic
Division for Ion C. McLaughlin, of Charlotte,
Mich. Camera: Super Ikonta "A" Special.

JOURNEY'S END (below) tied for second
in this class. B. J. Smyth, of Oberlin,
Ohio, recorded it with his Speed Graphic.





BLOW, WIND, BLOW gave Harold M. Finch, of Newton, Iowa, a tie for second place in the Scenic Division. He used a Speed Graphic.



SECOND-PRIZE winner in the Adults at Work Division was *The Molder*, by Dr. Laurence Frost, of Monroe, Mich. He did the job with an Eastman Reocomar "18," competed with some 80 other prints.



KNITTIN' FOR BRITAIN led the Adults at Work class. Addison Buckner, of San Marcos, Tex., produced it with his Rolleiflex.

Full-Color Division

First Prize—Mrs. Dorothy Hodgkins, of Gloucester, Massachusetts, for *Winter Magic*, a miniature color transparency shown in enlargement on this month's cover.

Second Prize—F. Earl Williams, of Gardner, Massachusetts, for *Ozen*, another miniature color transparency.

Babies Division

First Prize—"Dick" Whittington, of Los Angeles, California, for *The Milk Bloc*.

Second Prize—John A. Leland, of Washington Court House, Ohio, for *Bright Eyes*.

Honorable Mentions—Robert B. Ebert, of Wausau, Wisconsin; R. K. Graybill, of Quincy, Illinois; Earnist McCook, of San Bernardino, California; Ivan D. Smith, of Wayland, Michigan; Donald J. Twining, of Aurora, Illinois; J. K. Thompson, of Oroville, California.

Children at Play or Work Division

First Prize—"Dick" Whittington, of Los Angeles, California, for *E-eeee!*

Second Prize—Mrs. Karl B. Cuesta, of Tampa, Florida, for *Hurry Up Call*.

Honorable Mentions—Lloyd Baker, of Beaumont, Texas; Louis Keller, of Texas City, Texas; Pat Marchion, of Fostoria,

Ohio; Earnist McCook, of San Bernardino, California; Phillip G. Rose, of Salina, Kansas; E. C. Rosenberg, of North Sacramento, California.

Adults at Work Division

First Prize—Addison Buckner, of San Marcos, Texas, for *Knittin' for Britain*.

Second Prize—Dr. Laurence Frost, of Monroe, Michigan, for *The Molder*.

Honorable Mentions—C. J. Bein, of West Orange, New Jersey; Robert B. Ebert, of Wausau, Wisconsin; Louis Keller, of Texas City, Texas; John A. Leland, of Washington Court House, Ohio; Ivan D. Smith, of Wayland, Michigan; Rev. George O. Walton, of Decatur, Indiana.

Adults at Play Division

First Prize—"Dick" Whittington, of Los Angeles, California, for *Desert Rider*.

Second Prize—Ivan D. Smith, of Wayland, Michigan, for *Hula*.

Honorable Mentions—Harold M. Finch, of Newton, Iowa; Neale F. Howard, of Columbus, Ohio; Stanley Jepson, of Bombay, India; Louis Keller, of Texas City, Texas; Earnist McCook, of San Bernardino, California; William H. Strickfadden,

of Clayton, New Mexico; and Dr. Jerome W. Weber, of St. Cloud, Minnesota.

Animals and Birds Division

First Prize—D. L. Kegaries, of Rapid City, South Dakota, for *Good Samaritan*.

Second Prize—E. C. Rosenberg, of North Sacramento, California, for *Sorrell and Son*.

Honorable Mentions—Lloyd Baker, of Beaumont, Texas; E. H. Clark, of East Jordan, Michigan; Mrs. Karl B. Cuesta, of Tampa, Florida; Robert B. Ebert, of Wausau, Wisconsin; William F. Small, of Newburgh, New York; F. A. Winterhoff, of Delta, Ohio.

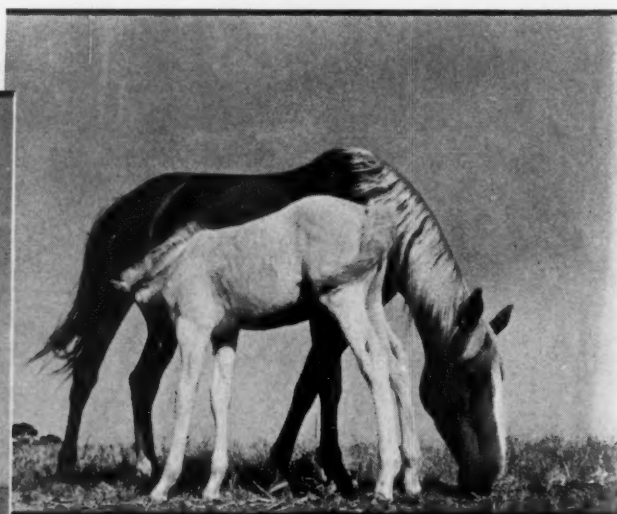
Scenic Division

First Prize—Ion C. McLaughlin, of Charlotte, Michigan, for *Peaceful Valley*.

Second Prize—A tie between Harold M. Finch, of Newton, Iowa, for *Blow, Wind, Blow*, and B. J. Smyth, of Oberlin, Ohio, for *Journey's End*.

Honorable Mentions—Addison Buckner, of San Marcos, Texas; Robert B. Ebert, of Wausau, Wisconsin; R. K. Graybill, of Quincy, Illinois; Don G. Meller, of Hackney, Australia; Ivan D. Smith, of Wayland, Michigan.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN nosed out 201 other prints to win First Prize in the Animals and Birds Division for Dr. D. L. Kegaries, of Rapid City, So. Dak. It's a product of his Zeiss Maximar.



SORRELL AND SON placed second in the fauna class for E. C. Rosenberg, of North Sacramento, Calif. He employed an Ikoflex. . . . In the Color class, First Prize was \$50, Second Prize \$30. In the six other Divisions, First Prizes were \$20; Second Prizes, \$10; and Honorable Mentions, \$3 each.

BLOCK THAT DECIBEL

Public Swamps
For Abating the Noise Nuisance

DECIBELS—NEW YORK ANALOG
NEW YORK—The campaign to banish noise is officially on. Business and civic leaders met with Mayor LaGuardia and police to map a nuisance-abatement program. They hope to make New York the quietest city in the nation.

ON ASH-CAN NOISE

Business and Civic Groups Meet at City Hall to Discuss Nuisance

MAN CALLS NEW YORK PATIENT ABOUT NOISE

Silencer Finds in the Jungle Chorus Streets An Indictment of Our Lazy Good

LESS NIGHTS' NEW YORK CITY MAN OF LA GUARDIA

CITY CRIES OUT AN END OF NOISE

of Complaint and Approval Mayor's Campaign Quieter Town

BILL UNDERMEN

MOST OF CITY DIN IS PREVENTABLE, EXPERT ASSERT

Surface and "L" Cited as Noise

Invention Fails Curb 'Honker'

Patent Issued for Device That Could Relieve Neighborhood Of Auto Noise

CITY NOISES NOW TRAIL DWELLER

Rumbling Sanitation Trucks to Be Equipped With Air Tires to Make Them Quieter.

Roar and Get Attention Motor Engine

Movies of Sound Show Noise Jig While Harmony Does a Stately

CHICAGO, Jan. 24.—Sound and low pitch cause difficulty in the hearing of a movie audience, according to a study made by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.



By Clyde W. Johnson

Illustrations by Paul Pinson

"QUIET—Hospital!"

Why is this sign so common in cities? Because noise is an insidious and, too often, deadly enemy of human energies. Noise is often preventable, and modern science has learned to destroy it.

It all began with a "ghost" in Harvard University's Fogg Art Museum when, in 1896, that building was new. Every morning at the witching hour of 1 A.M., a mysterious cloaked figure entered, lights danced about while weird groans echoed until the rattle of passing milk wagons banished the phantom.

The "ghost" was a scientist, and

his work was scarcely less arcane than the hours he kept. Students of ghostcraft, had there been any, would have found psychic phenomena in his work. Each evening he, professor of physics, with a janitor and two undergraduates hauled 800 running feet of pew cushions from Sanders Theater to the Museum. Each morning they hauled them back again.

What happened in the Museum? At 1 o'clock, when street and student noises had quieted, it was the young professor who entered the dark vault of the hall. He pumped up a tank of compressed air, then sounded an or-

gan pipe with it. When the note ceased, he timed the "echo" until it had ceased to be audible.

Next, a trip to the pile of pew cushions; several of them were spread on the front row of seats, and another toot.

Wallace Clement Sabine, that young professor of physics, was laying the foundation for the scientific taming of the as-yet-unnamed decibel. A decibel is the tenth part of a bel, a unit of power applied to sound. More exactly, an ordinary conversation measures 40 decibels, and the average office is 50 decibels, while a noisy office will scale 70 decibels. But

in terms of intensity, an increase of only one decibel means an increase of 26 percent in the *intensity* of sound; a decrease of a like amount is a lowering of intensity by 21 percent!

But this was all in the future when Professor Sabine tooted his organ pipe in Fogg Museum in the eerie hours of the morning. President Charles Eliot wanted to know why the acoustics of the new building produced sound effects like a cold-storage vault—and so did Sabine.

Fogg Museum permitted the echo of a simple sound, such as a note with 512 vibrations a second, to echo back and forth for 5.61 seconds. Sounds in Sanders Theater died much more rapidly. The theater had cushions and fabric hangings—the Museum had none. But when Sabine placed cushions in the Museum, the time period of the echo dropped, and, as the seats became filled, reached as low as 2.22 seconds.

The secret of the vaultlike quality of sound in the Museum was plain. Two words, spoken two seconds apart, would compete—the echo of the first word would be bouncing in the hearer's ear for over three seconds after the second word was spoken. But with absorbing cushions on the seats, the second sound would have only the competition of the dying whisper of an echo for less than a quarter second.

The control, Sabine determined, was not so much in the shape of the room as in the materials present, and the different materials that absorbed sound varied in the amount they would destroy. Therefore, he worked out a formula for the "period" of rooms—the time that sound lingered by echoing—and also a table of the absorption by various materials used in building and decoration.

Today, vacuum-tube oscillators and amplifiers, microphones, and automatic timers have supplanted Sabine's primitive apparatus. Changes in the tables have come with refinement of method and from such causes as the human female who, with her lighter garb, absorbs less sound than did her grandmother. But the Sabine formula is still the starting point for all acoustical planning.

The formula and the tables did

not spring from the one experiment. It was four years before Sabine had completed them to his satisfaction. But when he had conducted similar experiments in ghostly echoing halls from Bangor, Maine, to Minneapolis, Minnesota, and found that the data agreed, he was ready to advise the sponsors of the new Boston Music Hall on their problems, and to produce a model of perfect acoustics.

In 1913, Colonel George Fabyan, the celebrated cipher and code analyst (who was to have charge of deciphering work for the United States Army during World War



"METABOLISM tests show that experienced typists use more energy when working in a noisy office than they do in a quiet one."

I), came to Sabine to repeat certain experiments on vibrations described in newly deciphered texts of Sir Francis Bacon. These were a failure, but Fabyan became interested in Sabine's plans for further research in acoustics, and offered to finance the necessary laboratories and instruments.

The work had scarcely been started when the World War called Colonel Fabyan to practical cryptology and Sabine's genius in physics to aircraft and munitions work in France. The ink on the Armistice was scarcely dry when Sabine went to work on his delicately calibrated instruments, but his exertions had sapped his vitality, and he died.

But Dr. Paul E. Sabine, a cousin,

had followed the same fields of research, and to him the new research was committed. The laboratory was completed. Its most interesting feature is the sound chamber—a room within a room.

Instead of a room of perfect quiet, it is a room of perfect bedlam. A sigh breathed into it becomes the ravings of a hungry jackal. Three words uttered at ordinary conversational pitch would drown out the riot of a hungry menagerie at mealtime.

"This chamber," Dr. Sabine explains, "is a room of constant acoustical conditions. Although the longest reverberation time Professor Sabine was able to find in any lecture room was 8.69 seconds, a sound remains audible here for 12 seconds."

A routine test in this chamber is to emit a sound of given intensity. Automatic instruments record the "reverberation time"—the time the echo lasts. Then a measured surface of acoustical building material, such as wallboard with a decorative pattern of tiny holes bored in it, is introduced and the test is repeated. From the diminution in reverberation time, using the Sabine formulas, the absorption per square foot of the test material is computed.

Success in reducing sound to a level which does not disturb workers, students, and the public is aided by the fact that the ear estimates reductions in loudness differently, depending on the level of intensity of sound to begin with. A reduction of one decibel, as already stated, is a reduction of 26 percent of the *intensity* of sound, but the ear notes only a slight decrease in the effect on the hearing. Six decibels' reduction is equivalent to 75 percent in the intensity, but the worker notes it as a reduction in loudness from 30 to 45 percent, depending on the original level of intensity.

Sound travels with a speed of 1,100 feet a second—750 miles an hour. Once started, a sound keeps on until its energy is used up. An ordinary plaster surface or glass window or linoleum floor will absorb less than 5 percent of the energy and bounce back 95 percent. Thus, a sound in an office will bounce until so much energy is absorbed that it is inaudible.

But if a second sound starts, as



it usually does, before the energy of the first sound is gone, you have built up the total noise level in which you have the reverberation of many sounds beside the new sound.

If the walls and ceiling or one of them is treated with absorbent material, the sound energy is swallowed up more quickly, and the sound load reduced.

"Stenographers, clerks, and other office employees engaged in mental concentration need sound-quieting improvements the most," says Dr. Sabine. "Metabolism tests, for example, show that experienced typists use more energy when working in a noisy office than they do in a quiet one."

Lecture halls and theaters need acoustical treatments if they are to offer better hearing conditions. Design plays a part, but even the worst design, from an acoustical standpoint, can be corrected to give improved hearing conditions by use of absorbing materials.

Public misconception of what is necessary was, for years, as great as possible. The belief that stringing wires in large rooms would correct bad hearing conditions was astonishingly prevalent, yet no one has ever offered a scientific explanation of what this treatment was supposed to do. One of the strangest experiments ever undertaken was the construction of a delicately spun web of silk which a pseudo scientist "guaranteed" would cure the hearing ills of a Scottish Rite temple. Results: acoustically, none; financially, a bill for \$8,000!

The fact that "it listens better when the audience is in" is perfectly true. Each man absorbs so much sound energy—each woman a little less, as a rule. The difference is not great, however, and some of the most modern auditoriums have seats upholstered with material that absorbs the average amount absorbed by a listener, so that whether the seat is empty or full, the absorption is the same.

Cathedrals offer a special problem. They are notorious among sound tamers, as acoustical engineers may be called, for the length

of their reverberation times. It is possible that the long echo period is responsible for the slow rate of intoned religious services.

In the earliest days of broadcasting, radio studios were so full of echoes that the programs would have been a hodgepodge of sound, so the other extreme was reached by hangings and absorbent materials, and by swaddling every reflecting surface. The result was a "dead" ambient that swallowed every sound and, while it made for echoless conditions, it also stifled every shade of feeling, especially by the depressing effect on the actors. One famed *cappella* choir gave up broadcasting because of the difficulty of staying on key in such a studio.

Today's studios have a normal period, one that is based on perfect hearing by average people, which permits overtones and residual sound, but not reverberation to the point of interference.

Sound absorption will not be the answer to noisy apartments which permit radio music and family quarrels to seep through the walls, unless it is applied generally. If your apartment is treated, your own noises will be swallowed up, but those from the other side may well come in more easily. The answer to this problem lies in other forms of construction.

"Apartment-house noise control," says Dr. Sabine, in answer to a direct question, "depends on the ability of contractors to adopt laboratory discoveries without too great a cost. Some apartment builders have already used suspended ceilings, floating floors, and double-wall construction, but the number is relatively small."

The comparatively large amount of sound-absorbing units in rugs, upholstery, and draperies answers most small-home needs, he points out. Sound elimination in air ducts is already commercially available. There is need of some

form of window mufflers to keep out street and alley sounds, and sound-insulated doors to shut off noises from kitchen, bathroom, nursery, and the rumpus room.

Look what sound tamers have done for airplane traffic! The sound intensity of a noisy office is, as already stated, 70 decibels. The intensity of the modern airplane engine is 110 decibels, which means 10,000 times as much! Yet the inside of the cabin of a modern plane is comparatively quiet.



The designers and sound tamers have managed to block that decibel!

In doing so, they have also reduced vibration; and air sickness, product of the sound load and the vibration for the most part, has dropped from 60 to 5 percent.

But the war program, with its construction of engines powerful enough to propel gigantic bombing planes, has handed the sound tamers a new headache. All airplane engines must be run for hours on test blocks in cells of solid concrete—and generate sound levels above the range of measuring instruments. To provide protection from this infernal racket for the engineers making the tests in an adjoining control room has proved to be a job far different from that of controlling noise in bowling alleys and maternity wards.

Yet it's being done. The acoustical experts boast that in the newer airplane plants noise levels of 140 decibels—10,000 times greater than those of boiler factories—are being reduced so greatly that observers in adjoining rooms are enjoying the comparative peace and quiet of ordinary machine shops!



A Peruvian Puzzle

By Caroline Rogers

As if a giant had drawn them, huge figures cover the Nazca valley floor. Who made them? That's the riddle.

TWO HOURS out of Lima, Peru, on the regular air route to Arequipa, your plane flies over the Nazca valley—a dull flat of land less than 45 miles long between the sea and the Andes. For generations Peruvians have travelled its arid monotony, unmindful of the wonder it encloses.

Here in this valley is a relic of an ancient civilization which may yet prove one of the most valuable finds in all Peruvian archaeology. No other place in the world holds anything comparable to it. Rotary's President, Fernando Carbajal, will attest to that. He lives in near-by Lima, spent part of his youth as an explorer, and well knows the phenomenon which I am about to describe.

The very size of this legacy of the past was its own protection for thousands of years. Viewed from the ground, the valley gave no hint of its ancient secret, other than lengths of rock and occasional mounds which could be dismissed as the debris of the centuries. Not until aviation entered the picture did the valley reveal its puzzle.

Viewed from the air, the Nazca valley offers an astounding panorama. Crossing and crisscrossing its entire area is a confusion of geometrical figures of every sort. Squares, circles, triangles, angling lines, parallel lines. At first view, these strange marks resemble the bold and reckless drawings of a child who has just discovered the

use of ruler and compass. Then you realize that you are viewing them from an altitude of 5,000 feet and that, hence, those figures below are miles in length. You learn, for instance, that that perfectly formed arrow (see cut) which points from the sea toward a certain mountain stretches for more than 15 miles along the valley floor.

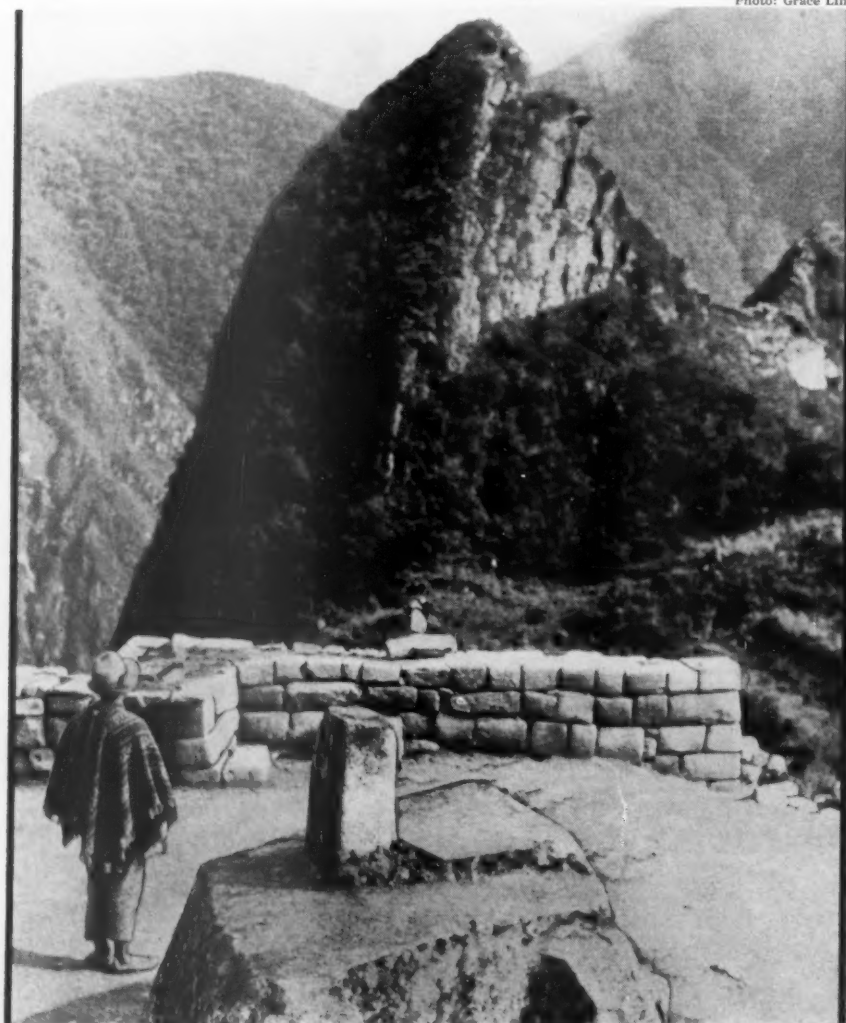
What is all this, a prank of Nature? No, for it is apparent even from this height that the ground within and around the figures had been carefully cleared before they were laid down. What forms each design, you learn, are walls of rock, worn down from whatever height they may once have had to about one foot. Yet there is no evidence that they ever served as enclosures for anything except the small mound, perhaps a burial mound, in each figure.

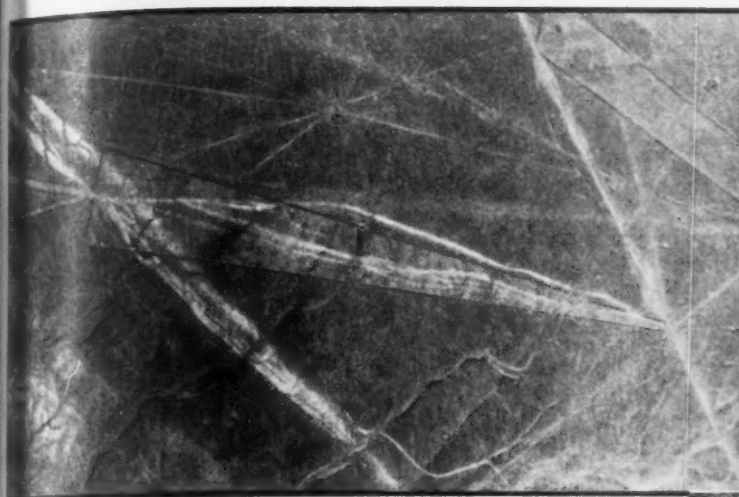
Nowhere in legend or in Peruvian mythology is there any reference to these esoteric shapes. Even the *huacos*, the patiently wrought symbolic pottery of the ancient Peruvians, yield no explanation of the presence or purpose of this huge fretwork on the valley floor.

So recent is the discovery that no expedition has yet had time to make a thorough investigation of the Nazca valley's secret—but leading archaeologists do have opinions. First, they unanimously agree that this display of giant-sized geometry was definitely linked with astronomy. The ancient Peruvians were students of the heavens—and worshipped the sun in their temples.

If this conclusion is correct, these figures may once have served as a calendar. Perhaps when certain stars came into line with various points in these figures, the event indicated the time of year for planting, or harvesting, or annual sacrificial rites.

WITH THE stone in the foreground, ancient Peruvian astronomers observed the passing seasons, told farmers when to sow and reap. This relic of antiquity is at Machu Pichu.





TWO air views of the Nazca valley, showing its mystifying network of huge geometric figures. The arrow, of which the head is discernible in the photo above, is 15 miles long. Circles, angles, and other forms are visible in the photo at the right. Low walls of stone give these figures their outlines.

Quite conceivably, the complete annual routine of the ancient people who plotted these designs could have been regulated by this immense timetable.

Nazca culture is estimated to be the oldest and most original of the various Peruvian cultures and according to Dr. Albert A. Giesecke, head of the Inca and pre-Inca reconstruction program in Peru, came long before the Incas. Therefore, if a date could be established as to the earliest existence of the Nazca tribe, it would offer for the first time a nucleus of history for all Peruvian cultures. If it can be established that the figures on the valley floor were used as a calendar, this date of the Nazca tribe *can* be ascertained. First, the orbit would be "turned back" by computation, thus resetting the stars into their original relationship with the figures. From this the definite date of that age could be established—something no archaeologist has hitherto been able to do.

DR. ALBERT KIDDER II, director of archaeological expeditions in Southern Peru for Harvard's Peabody Museum, says of this: "If the figures are astronomical, then when the stars were turned back, it could be accurately figured when this race existed and when all this was laid out. It would be extremely valuable in chronology and a great approach in Peruvian archaeology. This [the figures] is all so perfectly constructed it must have been something of momentous importance to their everyday life."

There are other possible ex-

planations. During my interview with him, Dr. Julio C. Tello, head of the Inca Archaeological Museum in Lima, Peru, said: "Religion was the dominant factor in the life of early man; it was always in some way correlated with his everyday life, and it could be this valley had been some sort of ceremonial ground for tribes coming from near-by areas." He feels that an excavation of the ruins will unearth *huacos* that might explain the purpose of the mysterious figures. Another theory is that the huge designs were a system of crop irrigation.

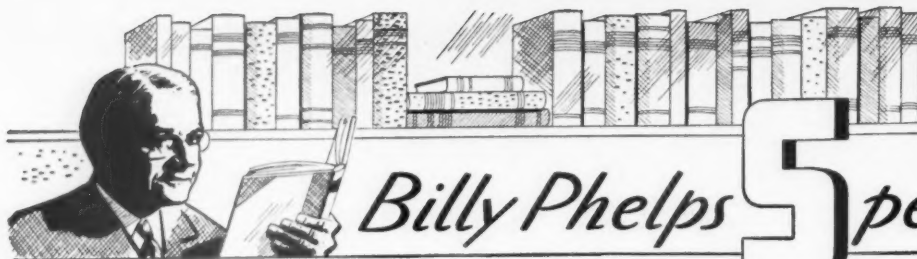
Dr. Giesecke thinks it possible some relation exists between the Cuzco culture—hitherto thought to have been confined to the interior of Peru—and the Nazca, saying that it is possible that the drawing of these figures was directed from the top of the mountains. The fortress at Cuzco was presumably built in this manner.

While it is purely a guess that the designs on the valley floor were directed from some great height, it is highly probable, since they are so perfectly constructed. Without modern instruments, their builders could have achieved

such exactitude only by regulating the work from above. The fact that they are not visible in their entirety from the ground might be an indication that the figures were used by the mountain people, who could look down upon them, rather than by the people living in the valley.

Though the pieces of Peru's jigsaw puzzle have been discovered, the parts still need fitting together. Some day a ground exploration party, working from a carefully prepared aerial map, may make a complete study of the figures and mounds. It will not be easy. There is no water in the area, making excavations difficult. Planes will have to "fly in" all the necessary supplies.

Thus these mysterious geometrical figures await exploration. Are they markings of burial or ceremonial grounds, or is the entire valley a huge calendar waiting to provide the key to all the locked history of ancient Peru? Far below the air liners which thunder through Peruvian skies, these ancient riddles stand alone in the isolated Nazca valley—odd, amazing legacies from a vanished people of a forgotten past.



Comment on Recent Books and
Things by William Lyon Phelps,
Educator, Reviewer, and Author

Billy Phelps Speaking

I WONDER if all Rotarians know the remarkably fine separate volumes about the rivers of America that are appearing at frequent intervals. Here's the list up to date:

Kennebec, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin.

Upper Mississippi, by Walter Havighurst.

Suwannee River, by Cecile Hulse Matschat.

Powder River, by Struthers Burt.

The James, by Blair Niles.

The Hudson, by Carl Carmer.

The Sacramento, by Julian Dana.

The Wabash, by William E. Wilson.

The Arkansas, by Clyde Brion Davis.

The Delaware, by Harry Emerson Wildes.

The Illinois, by James Gray.

The Kaw, by Floyd Benjamin Streeter.

The Brandywine, by Henry Seidel Canby.

The Charles, by Arthur Bernon Tourtellot.

The Kentucky, by Thomas D. Clark.

The Sangamon, by Edgar Lee Masters.

The Allegheny, by Frederick Way, Jr.

The Wisconsin, by August Derleth.

Lower Mississippi, by Hodding Carter.

The St. Lawrence, by Henry Beston.

The Chicago, by Harry Hansen.

As there are some Rotarians on every one of these rivers, those who are locally interested should make a dive for their particular book. Myself, I am slightly insane on the subject of rivers; and if I had 500 years to spare, and I wish it were true, I should make a point of taking a trip on every big river in the world. When you are on a boat on a river, your progress is like life itself. You never know what the morrow will bring forth, you never know what the next bend in the stream will reveal.

I have been collecting rivers all my life, but have never been south of the equator, so I have never seen the Amazon. But I should go into a frenzy of excitement if I attempted to describe my river journey on the Columbia River in Oregon in 1908, the historic excitement on the River James in Virginia in 1902 from 7 A.M. to 9 P.M. (Norfolk to Richmond), the trip on the Seine in France from Rouen to the English Channel, and so on. I am interested not only in the mighty rivers that flow majestically north or south, no matter which point of the compass only so they

can find the ocean they are looking for, but also the tiny rivulets. Never shall I forget the trip my wife and I had in 1906 in a rowboat on the River Wye in England where we were rowed by two sturdy British veterans of the Boer War, and several times I have taken the two-hour journey in Northern France from the source of the River Rance to its mouth in the English Channel.

Among these books I am, of course, particularly interested in those that speak of rivers that I myself have known, like the Lower Mississippi, and I hope that some day I may be able to see the Upper Mississippi from St. Paul to St. Louis. These books are all well written, and I heartily recommend them. The last three that have appeared are *Lower Mississippi*, *The St. Lawrence*, and *The Chicago*.

I forgot to mention that in June, 1908, my wife and I took an extraordinary trip on the River Kaw in a railroad train. We were on our way from Chicago to Los Angeles; and when we got into the country not far from the Missouri, the Kaw overflowed its banks so widely and so deeply that our train was the last one to get through for some time. I stood on the back platform, the top of which was almost awash, and gazed at the long wake made by our train. For miles and miles we went slowly along, the tracks absolutely invisible in an immense sea of water.

* * *

As my readers know, I do not comment on most war books for a negative and for a positive reason. In our times history moves so much faster than books about history that when the book is published, it is obsolescent; and positively, my work in times of war as well as in times of peace deals with Art with a capital A—I mean books that are written for the pleasure of reading them, novels, poems, plays, biographies, criticism, as well as the theater, movies, and other forms of art on which I have a right to express an opinion.

But I have made an exception occasionally because of the eyewitness value of a certain work or because of its permanent value as a record of the heroism and endurance of men. Thus I praised in the highest terms *The Raft* because I do not know of any other case in history where three men have survived such horrible dangers and priva-

tions. Another instance is *They Were Expendable*, which has the highest possible witness value in one of the most terrific series of battles in the greatest war history has known. Another kind of book emerging from the war and produced by the war that needs comment is a series of speeches by Winston Churchill, not only because they give striking testimony of the progress of the war, but because they seem permanently to belong to the history of literature.

And now comes a book, *I Saw the Fall of The Philippines*, by Colonel Carlos P. Romulo, who, incidentally, is a Past Vice-President of Rotary International. He is a personal aide to General MacArthur, a native Filipino editor, and winner of the Pulitzer Prize. In this handsome volume, copiously illustrated, we have the concentration of the scattered newspaper reports, the essence of the most dramatic writings of the professional war correspondents, the testimony of officers and soldiers. Colonel Romulo was the last man off Bataan, and in this book is recorded the tremendous fight put up by a combination of Filipinos and Americans against overwhelming odds. As Cyrano de Bergerac said, "The fight is at its best when it is hopeless." And paradox as it may sound, it is really true. Of all the fine things that Hector said in the *Iliad*, perhaps the finest was when he told his wife that he knew the cause was hopeless, but that he was going to fight just the same. In that way defeat may become more productive than victory.

This book, therefore, tells us exactly what happened, by a man who was in the midst of it; and, very fortunately for us, he is not only a first-class man of action, but a first-class journalist. Long training as a really great editor with an instinct for what is news and for what is most dramatic in the news makes his story from first page to last a continuous fortissimo that never becomes wearisome because no words can really match the events they describe. In his preface he says he has written this book "not as a soldier, but as a journalist." He kept a diary. Then we open at Chapter One: "I was the last man out of Bataan. I escaped from that bloody trap because the Japanese had set a price upon my head and because General Douglas MacArthur was able to arrange my last-minute rescue." From

that moment there is no let-up in the excitement. I think everyone who reads the book will not only have the highest admiration for the author, but will envy him.

* * *

Dr. Luis Quintanilla's *A Latin American Speaks* could not be more opportune than it is now. He has held the position of Minister Plenipotentiary and Counsellor for the Mexican Embassy in Washington, D. C., and has recently been appointed Mexican Minister to Moscow. I should not have known if I had not been informed by the prefatory matter that this is the first book written in English by a Latin American on the Americas as a whole. It is a sweeping survey, discussing factories, college and school teaching, politics. I haven't had the pleasure of meeting him, but everybody who has seems to be enthusiastic. The author told Miss Grinnell, of the publishing firm, that he was particularly anxious for reviews

Photo: Harris & Ewing



LUIS QUINTANILLA, "one who has a global education and knows what to do with it."

from the United States. All I can do, really, is to call attention to the book, but it seems to me to give accurate information in an entertaining manner; in other words, to be just the book it ought to be.

The author was born in Paris about 40 years ago, took his degree in Paris and his doctor's degree at Johns Hopkins, has held various political positions, has been a visiting instructor at Harvard, has published two volumes of poems as well as essays in politics, and is a high-grade athlete. *A Latin American Speaks* is a book on a vast field, written by one who has a global education and knows what to do with it.

* * *

Oliver Onions, who for 20 years has been well known as a writer in Great Britain and whose horrifying, nerve-shattering story *The Beckoning Fair One* I have induced so many people to

read that two new anthologies in America have recently included it, published in England in 1935 his *Collected Ghost Stories*, a volume of about 700 pages, and I hope that these may gradually appear in America, either as separate short books or in new anthologies. I especially recommend one of the longest stories in the volume, *The Painted Face*, which is terrific. The author has command of an admirable English prose style, well adapted to the movements of ghosts; and in giving his artistic creed in the preface to the collection I have just mentioned, he says, "Ghosts, it is advanced, either do not exist at all, or else, like the stars at noonday, they are there all the time and it is we who cannot see them. The stories in the following pages were written on the second of these assumptions." He deserves to be universally known in America, especially by all who enjoy mystery books.

* * *

The favorite combination today, both in detective novels and detective stage plays, is mirth and murder; and a new story where the scene is Mexico, called *The Mouse in the Mountain*, by Norbert Davis, is one of the best. It is fearfully exciting, full of unexpected and laughable action and conversation, and one of the chief characters in the book is a dog—like Hamlet, a Great Dane. This book is sure to entertain the average reader. Carter Dickson, or however he chooses to write his name—John Dickson Carr—belongs in the front row of those who entertain us with murder or mystery or detection. The new book, signed Carter Dickson, *She Died a Lady*, is extremely well done. *The Case of the Smoking Chimney*, by Erle Stanley Gardner, is another of his works of art in the murder line. The interest is maintained from first to last, and I pounced on the book as soon as it entered my front door. Those who like a vast amount of murder at a low price may buy the book *An Omnibus of Terror*, by Dorothy B. Hughes. This is a triple threat, containing three of her full-length murder stories: *The So Blue Marble*, *The Cross-Eyed Bear*, and *The Bamboo Blonde*.

* * *

Wild Animals of the Rockies, being the "Adventures of a Forest Ranger," by William Marshall Rush, gave me a double shock in its jacket biography. "Born in New Haven, West Virginia, 1887." Now, I was born in New Haven (Connecticut) and in New Haven I was graduated from college in 1887. There is a town in Michigan named New Haven, so small you can't see it with the naked eye; and yet it is a railroad stop; and every Summer when I went out to our home in Michigan and the train stopped at this place and the conductor called out, "New Haven!" my dog, Rufus, in the baggage car, made

the most frantic efforts to get off. If I had known there was a New Haven, West Virginia, I should have taken him there.

When Gifford Pinchot, later Governor of Pennsylvania, was in college with me, I asked him, "What are you going to do after graduation?" He said, "I am going to be a forester." I said, "What's that?" He said, "That's why I am going to be a forester." Well, in this very year of 1887, William Marshall Rush entered the United States Forest Service and stayed in it. He has been in the national park and State game departments, has been stationed in Montana, Wyoming, Oregon, and so on. He knows the Wild West. The stories that he gives us here have the additional merit of being authentic. Osa Johnson, who knows what she's talking about, advises everybody to read this book. It is the author's personal experiences with wild animals, and there are excellent illustrations.

* * *

A book totally different because it brings us from the "wide open spaces" is Arthur E. Morgan's *The Small Community*. Here is a study of the welfare of the community, or what you might call the primary group. The idea is that if we preserve and improve the small community, the bigger things will take care of themselves; just as we say if a boy and girl are brought up really in the right way at home, we do not need to worry about their later career. Dr. Morgan is an engineer, famous for his work done in reclaiming wet lands and controlling floods. So he has gone from house to house in various communities helping them with family problems. *The Small Community*, therefore, could not help being interesting. Nearly everybody will find it revealing and therefore instructive.

* * *

As a boy, I read a book *How to Get Strong and How to Stay So*. Every

Photo: Harris & Ewing



ARTHUR E. MORGAN, who has written a "revealing" book on the community's welfare.

boy wants to be strong, and I did. The book showed first a few rules about health and then said that if all one wished was to be healthy, the reader could stop there; but if he wanted to be strong, it would show him how. I faithfully went through the advanced exercises, especially the two- or three-mile run which he advised taking every evening. For a couple of years anyhow I ran two or three miles every night, which was of great service to me.

Now comes an expert book on *How to Be Fit*, by the director of the Yale Gymnasium, Robert Kiphuth, with a foreword by John Kieran. Mr. Kiphuth, who holds a professor's rank on the faculty, who has been for many years the trainer of the Yale swimming team which has won a higher percentage of victories than any Yale organization whatever, not only understands physical fitness as very few other men could do, but has the gift of imparting this information to others. He is one of Yale's ideals. Everyone respects him, admires him, and is devoted to him. This thin book of 131 pages with four or five illustrations facing nearly every page is an absolute masterpiece. I wish I had had it when I was an undergraduate.

* * *

One of the most attractive books of the season is *Leonardo—Master of the Renaissance*, by Elisabeth Hubbard Lansing, illustrated by William Sharp, with an introduction by Hendrik Willem van Loon. Here is a book that, in the well-worn phrase, combines instruction with delight. The book is best adapted for people from 12 to 16 years of age, as was, of course, the author's intention. That is precisely why it is adapted for all adults except those who have a profound and technical knowledge of the life of Leonardo, of the century in which he lived, of the art of painting, and of his miraculous versatility.

The way to begin reading about a great figure in history is to read first a book by a competent authority who writes in a style adapted to the young, because that is just the book that is best adapted to the old who wish to enter a comparatively new field of reading. This is a charming book, with full-page illustrations, beautiful clear type, and a style that carries one smoothly along. The author loves her subject and so will the reader. She was born in the beautiful farm country of northwestern Connecticut. She had technical training for the profession of children's librarian, but instead of following that out immediately, she went to live in New York and worked in Macy's book department, then as an editorial worker in a publishing house, as a reader for the movies, and as a reader for a special magazine, but kept away from libraries except when she had to borrow a book. Well, her first book for children, *Seeing*

New York, scored an instant success. After the publication of some other works, she has now written what I firmly believe to be the best popular book on one of the greatest men of all times, Leonardo da Vinci.

* * *

There has just appeared an extremely valuable reference book of 858 pages by W. J. Burke and Will D. Howe. The title is *American Authors and Books, 1640-1940*. This is definitely a collection of facts, ranging over three centuries of American literature, giving information about authors of all kinds of books and



Photo: A. Milotte

Harbor Sounds at Night

*A ferry warps into its slip,
As dolphins wrench and haulsers grip;
And so begin the pulsing nights,
Each sound depicting harbor sights:*

*A liner's strident, throaty notes,
The pert retort of smaller boats;
The rumbling creak of giant cranes,
And clanking of their loading chains,
While toting slings of sawmill stock,
To schooners berthed along the dock;*

*Jittering engines shunting freight;
The tugboat's steady chugging prate,*

*Propelling rafts of logs in shore,
Or smelter barges heaped with ore;*

*A lucid sound-engraved frieze,
This thrumming commerce of the seas;*

*The distant foghorn's croupy croak,
A saucy bell buoy's ditto stroke;*

*The throb of vessels ocean bound;
This is the harbor etched in sound.*

—KATHARINE WELLES WHEELER

about magazines, newspapers, publishers, editors, critics, illustrators, libraries, and so on. It is a fine reference book for the general reader; for the librarian it is the quick answer to the unexpected question; for the writer himself it gives the facts on which he wants to base his next book; for the editor, every newspaperman should have it; for the teacher of American literature it would be a lifesaver. *American Authors and Books* is just what it professes to be. Dr. Will Howe was professor of English literature at Indiana University and for a long time after that and even until this day a prominent member of the firm of Charles Scribner's Sons. That is, he knows books from the outside and the inside.

* * *

Colonel T. Russ Hill, president of Rexair, Inc., of Detroit, Michigan, has written a tiny book called *How Big?* containing more than 50 brief messages indicating the way to success in business, through the road of energy coupled with reliability, ambition braked by honesty, enthusiasm channelled in a definite direction, devotion salted with common-sense. I recommend these brief messages to every young man and woman hoping to succeed in life and willing to make the necessary personal sacrifices. The tribute to the Fisher family is very fine. There is also a photograph of Mr. Fisher with Mr. Green and Colonel Hill, watching the Kentucky Derby. To me the amazing thing about this picture is the expression on the faces of the three men; they are interested, but in complete control of their emotions. I know nothing about horses ("neither does anyone else!," said a Kentucky man to me), but if anyone took a photograph of me watching a critical moment in a football game, he would believe I was insane; and he would be right.

* * *

Opal Wheeler has written for children a book on Beethoven called *Ludwig Beethoven and the Chiming Tower Bells*, written in delightful prose and containing a number of musical scores, all within the range of child pianists. I am certain that no book on Beethoven for children is so good as this.

* * *

Books mentioned, publishers and prices:
Rivers of America Series (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50).—*The Mouse in the Mountain*, Norbert Davis (Morrow, \$2).—*She Died a Lady*, Carter Dickson (Morrow, \$2).—*The Case of the Smoking Chimney*, Erle Stanley Gardner (Morrow, \$2).—*An Omnibus of Terror*, Dorothy B. Hughes (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$1.98).—*Wild Animals of the Rockies*, William Marshall Rush (Harper, \$3).—*The Small Community*, Arthur E. Morgan (Harper & Brothers, \$3).—*A Latin American Speaks*, Luis Quintanilla (Macmillan, \$2.50).—*How to Be Fit*, Robert Kiphuth (Yale, \$2).—*Leonardo—Master of the Renaissance*, Elisabeth Hubbard Lansing (Crowell, \$2.75).—*American Authors and Books, 1640-1940*, W. J. Burke and Will D. Howe (Gramercy Publishing Co., 419 Fourth Ave., New York City, \$5).—*How Big?*, T. Russ Hill (Rexair, Inc., Detroit, Mich.).—*Ludwig Beethoven and the Chiming Tower Bells*, Opal Wheeler (Dutton, \$2).—*I Saw the Fall of The Philippines*, Colonel Carlos P. Romulo (Doubleday, Doran, \$3).

Peeps at Things to Come

● **Safer Aviation.** Ice, arch enemy of fliers when it forms on wings of planes, is detected by a new electronic device as soon as it begins to form. Thus the pilot is notified in sufficient time to start his de-icers to remove the ice layer before it becomes a hazard, or the whole operation can be made automatic. The new device is so installed in the wing structure of the plane that it does not disturb air flow.

● **Phony Gas Savers.** Now that gasoline is rationed throughout the United States, warnings are being sounded by Better Business Bureaus and other legitimate authorities to beware of gas savers which promise much but accomplish nothing. A new wave of nostrums—pills, powders, liquids, and gadgets—is rapidly forming to lure dollars from the pockets of the unwary. Properly adjusted by experienced mechanics, modern gasoline engines function best on commercial fuels, and neither gadgets nor dosing improves performance. Tests of multitudes of such supposed miracle workers by the National Bureau of Standards extending over many years have failed to reveal any having value in a properly adjusted engine. Under present conditions the alluring prospect of wringing more miles from rationed gasoline makes every driver especially vulnerable to glib talkers. But here again is a situation where discretion is essential, and where gold bricks are plentiful.

● **Home-Grown Rubber.** Rubber from guayule plants, already important, is expected to become increasingly so. Reports are to the effect that a quarter of a million pounds of seed (enough to plant half a million acres) are available. The plant thrives in the arid regions of the United States' Southwest and of Northern Mexico.

● **Antifreeze for Rivets.** Heat-treated aluminum rivets must be kept very cold to prevent hardening until they can be used. That presents a problem because the rivets are dropped hot from the furnace into a water quenching bath. When later they are further cooled to zero or below, the slight film of water remaining on them freezes them together in bothersome lumps. If the water is washed off with very cold alcohol, this cannot happen and the riveter's helper no longer has to break rivets apart.

● **Palladium for Jewelry.** Restrictions lately placed on the use of platinum in jewelry suggest that we shall have to be content with palladium in its place. For decorative purposes the two metals are very much alike, but the many industrial uses of platinum make it too

important for purely ornamental applications. A plentiful supply of both gold and palladium available for jewelry is reported.

● **Identifying Textiles.** With the increasing number of synthetic fibers available now for textile use, the problem of identifying each variety, especially in mixed fabrics, has become difficult.

CHEMICAL POTATO PEELER!

A newly patented process of peeling potatoes may take the drudgery out of this task now so widely used as a punishment for soldiers. The basis of the process is treatment of the tubers with caustic-soda solution, a method already employed by canners in peeling peaches and other fruits. The difference lies in the use of stronger caustic solutions required by the more refractory hide of the potato. Not only does the new method save hand labor, but it also conserves the flesh of the potato and is much quicker.

difficult. The importance of identification of fibers results from differences in their behavior, especially in dry cleaning and laundering. Now a set of two testing materials has been found with which all the present common fibers, both natural and synthetic, can be separated into 12 classifications. One reagent is used to remove dye from the fabric and another to develop characteristic colors in the fibers.

● **Photographing Spray Droplets.** A new method of photographing the minute droplets in a spray employs a high-intensity electric spark for ten-millionths of a second to make the exposure. The camera lens is pointed at the spark through the spray. By means of special lens systems, the lenslike effect of the droplets themselves is so neutralized that clear photographs of their shadows are obtained. The method is expected to have useful applications in the study of gasoline carburetors and Diesel-engine fuel injection systems.

● **Stretching Insecticides.** Small amounts of sesame oil added to fly sprays containing pyrethrins are reported to increase their effectiveness greatly. The effective agent of sprays of this kind is ordinarily derived from a variety of Japanese chrysanthemums. Supplies are very scarce in spite of imports of the flowers from Kenya Colony in Africa. Consequently, this method of stretching available material is especially important now.

● **Tinless Collapsible Tubes.** Collapsible tubes for tooth paste and similar materials are now being made from Saran

plastic. The new tubes are reported to be highly satisfactory in use and they save precious tin.

● **Big Bellyache.** The magnitude of demands for materials for America's armed forces is staggeringly large. Recently an order was placed calling for 200 tons of calomel. To get an idea how much that is, convert it to doses and you will find it enough to treat something like a billion ordinary bellyaches!

● **Machines in Cellophane.** To protect the multitude of war machines from rust, dust, and other destructive agencies until ready for action, manufacturers are now sealing them in treated cellophane backed by fabric. This saves both damage and cleaning.

● **Movable Glass Walls.** If you are willing to stop throwing stones, you can now live in a house with demountable interior walls of glass. The new walls are built of glass blocks, similar to those now used in permanently installed glass walls but so designed that they can be keyed together with wood strips and wedges. The wall can be assembled or removed when desired within a short time. Thus partition walls can be moved to change the shapes or sizes of rooms only less easily than furniture.

● **Lightning Power.** Despite the great damage done by lightning strokes and their obviously huge power, engineers at one American company have figured that even the greatest of them would be worth only about 50 cents a dozen at usual rates for electric energy. There is, of course, an important proviso: that a way be found to tame the electricity and release it under control over a power line. The reason for this apparent low value is that while both the voltage and the current in a lightning flash may be extremely high, the time is infinitesimally short.

This department is conducted by D. H. Killeffer. Address inquiries to Peeps Department, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Photo: du Pont



MILADY'S stockings on their way to war. In this flask worn nylons are "unravelling" into their original components, and from them new nylon is made for vital military uses.

"Unaccustomed as I ^{was} ~~Am~~"

No, sir! There's no snickering when these men get up to talk! They have learned the art of public speaking

in what their small Canadian Rotary Club calls its "Spokes Club." The Scratchpad Man tells all about it.



"SPOKES CLUB" meets tonight—at the home of Rotary Club President Judge L. Arnold Hanna. Here, flashlighting their way, the Judge welcomes the first two comers.



AS CHAIRMAN for the evening, Roley Tombs raps for order, introduces Harry S. Berryman—the first speaker.

CAPTAIN F. of Canada has quite a job. He finds men—3,000 a month—to man the ships that get the goods to where they're needed. That takes talking—lots of it. On top of this, someone's always after him to speak—groups of ship owners, sea captains, and so on. Does he blanch and beg off? Not he! He talks . . . with all the punch of a stevedore boss and all the polish of a public orator. Then the newspapers write him up.

All of which warms no Canadian hearts more than those of the 31 Rotarians of the Alberni District on Vancouver Island. They know how he got this way. As the Captain himself says in letters home, he owes his platform poise to his years in his Rotary Club's "Spokes Club."

Now I'd heard of Spokes Clubs; knew that quite a few Rotary Clubs have them. I wanted to learn more . . . and began to the moment I dropped anchor in Port Alberni. "Our Spokes Club is typical, I think," said Roley Tombs, a Past President of the local Rotary Club, who had come down to the dock to welcome me. "It meets in a few minutes—at Judge Hanna's home. He's our Club President this year."

As we motored through night air purified by the Pacific and spiced by towering firs, I learned that the Rotary Club of the Alberni District gets its name from a political riding, that it draws its members from two towns therein—Port Alberni and Alberni—and that oftener now in wartime than ever its members face the dread fate of making pub-

lic speeches. "And, man!" exclaimed my guide, "what a little experience means to them then! But here we are at the Judge's home."

President Hanna met us at his door . . . and introduced the dozen genial Rotarians gathered in his living-room as "Each a budding Demosthenes." Then someone banged on an ash tray, and the Spokes Club was in session!

Expounding a theme he'd studied a fortnight, each of two speakers spoke for 20 minutes. (One talked on the logging industry, the other on electrical power.) Done—he faced two critics (one with ten minutes, the other with five) who gave him and his speech a good but good-natured "going over." Then the whole crowd chimed in . . . and later even turned its exacting eye upon the chairman himself. "You let the first speaker overshoot his time!" "You mispronounced the second speaker's birthplace!"

Then came a drawing for next meeting's speakers . . . then an hour of just plain good fellowship heightened no little by a lunch prepared by our host's lady. But here where I stop. These photos local Rotarian Russel H. Turner took tell the story much better than I can. But I will say this: that in wartime every man works or fights. In the Alberni District of Western Canada, as you have just seen, every word does, too!

—Yours, THE SCRATCHPAD MAN



UP RISES W. Harry Boothroyd, first critic, to put his finger on faults in the first talk . . . while other members weigh his critique—in combat



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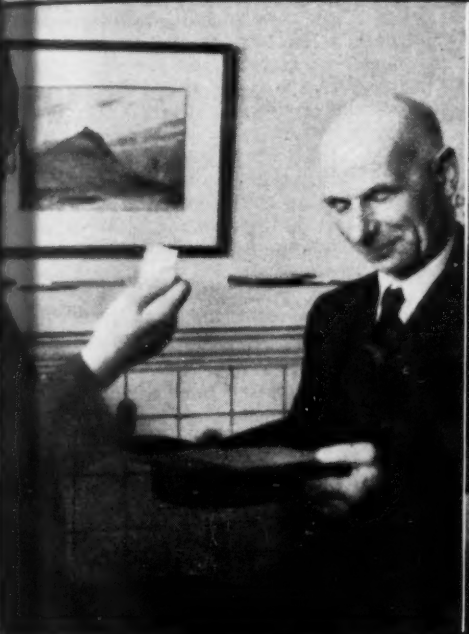
MUND MONK eyes his notes, then wins a reprieve. alternative speaker, he'll talk two weeks hence.



TOM BIRD, second speaker, starts his 20 minutes with an anecdotal "ice breaker."



A GOOD TALK, yes—but Second Critic Donald McColl spied an awkward gesture, reenacts it.



WHO'S FATED to talk next time is revealed as President Hanna draws two names from Fred Bacon's hat.

CECIL VAUGHAN is "it," for one . . . and is happy about it—in a nervous way.

LAWYER Arthur McCulloch, 2nd speaker for the next meeting, previews his talk—in home privacy.

SPEECHES over, some of the Spokes Clubmen fight the Battle of the Atlantic on the living-room rug . . . until Mrs. Hanna announces refreshments.



in comfort



These Clubs Won't Be Licked!

IF ROTARIANS have a specialty, it is solving problems. And the most recent one challenging Clubs around the world, now that war demands have rationed gasoline, fuel, and food, is how to meet, where to meet, and what to eat.

The impact of war fell long ago on Clubs in such lands as China, Britain, Canada. Their determination to survive not only attests the value of Rotary, but provides a pattern for the solution of problems now current in the United States.

Not even bombs deter Chinese Rotarians from meeting regularly. In Chungking, luncheons were interrupted by flight to bomb shelters, then resumed after the "all clear." Club bulletins read: "Next meeting Thursday 12:30 P.M. If air alarm, 3:30 P.M."

In England there is no gasoline for private cars, and fuel and food are rationed severely. But Rotary Clubs do meet—regularly. Much-bombed Coventry hasn't gone without a Rotary Club meeting for longer than a fortnight. When the war started, there were 482 Clubs in the British Isles. Today there are 491.

So there was precedent for the recent suggestion of the Board of Directors of Rotary International that Clubs take wartime conditions as a challenge and immediately survey "all possibilities for changing the meeting day or the meeting time, if necessary, so as to find the most central location requiring no additional heating facilities and the minimum of transportation."

But Clubs hadn't waited for word from the Board. They had acted!

At Saint Pauls, North Carolina, country members were asked to schedule their business trips to town on Rotary meeting days.

Spring Valley, Illinois, Rotarians meet in offices and homes, with or without a regular meal. They use their own members and local talent for programs.

The Middleport, New York, Rotary Club meets, temporarily, in a schoolhouse after the children have left, but while the building is still warm. Belding, Michigan, Rotarians moved from a hotel to the City Hall.

A three-mile hayrack ride, to and from their meeting place in a lodge on Lake Pocotopaug, provides fun—and saves gas—for East Hampton, Connecticut, Rotarians.

In Morehead City, North Carolina, the Rotary Club arranged for schoolgirls studying home economics to wait on tables as a class project.

When the armed forces took over the hotel where Norfolk, Virginia, Rotarians met, the Club moved to the dining-room of a department store and changed its time of meeting to conform with the store's schedule.

In Spur, Texas, Rotarians bring their lunches, prepared by their wives—and since this plan was adopted the Club has had its first 100 percent attendance meeting.

The Milford, Delaware, and Sea Isle

City, New Jersey, Clubs found themselves without anyone to prepare and serve their meals, so they worked out a plan whereby two members each week purchase the food and cook and serve it. William Allen White's record is something for such Rotarians to break. Rotarian White, who is better known as the editor of the Emporia, Kansas, *Gazette* than as an epicure, was Chairman of the Menu Committee of his Club, and he claims that in 11 months he never duplicated the menu.

Deprived of their regular caterer because of wartime conditions, Rotarians of Canberra, Australia, "batch" and like it. They set the tables for their luncheon, serve the meal, and wash the dishes afterward. Members of the Rotary Club of London, England, eat "austerity" lunches of soup, sandwiches, and "national bread."

But, after all, food isn't necessary for a Rotary Club meeting. "Old Number One," the Chicago Club, didn't eat at its earliest sessions back in 1905. Members met in various offices in rotation—hence, "Rotary." Any Club in 1943 can do the same. Or meet in factories, or in stores, or in the offices of professional members—and see how the other fellow does business, and, incidentally, learn of his problems.

An example of this is the meeting Oceanside, California, Rotarians held amid the type-composing machines and "stones" of a publisher member. Another is that of the Ashland, Pennsylvania, Club meeting in a printing plant at which members saw a Club bulletin "set" and printed.

When Rotarians of Chester, Pennsylvania, met in the dairy barn of a fellow member, they found that "modern dairy barns are clean enough to eat in"—and city members learned about the milk industry.

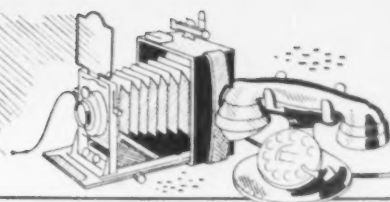
Gas, fuel, and food rationing won't lick any energetic, resourceful Rotary Club. Nor will the Board of Directors of Rotary International be let down in its expectation that "each Club will carry on without asking special privileges from Governmental agencies and will cooperate fully and actively with wartime regulations."

TO SAVE FUEL, Franklin, N. H., Rotarians hold buffet supper meetings in the rear of the local public-service company's store.



Drawing by Bill Neebe

Rotary Reporter



57 Men Give 57 Aids to Goodwill

When the Rotary Club of BUFFALO, N. Y., entertained Fernando Carbajal, President of Rotary International, at breakfast recently, the Governor of Rotary District 169, Lincoln W. Beals, a member of the BUFFALO Club, had a surprise for him. He presented the President with a check from the EGGERTSVILLE-SNYDER, N. Y., Rotary Club in payment for 57 Fourth Object subscriptions to REVISTA ROTARIA—gift subscriptions for prominent non-Rotarians or institutions in the President's own District (36) in Peru and District 37. Each EGGERTSVILLE-SNYDER Rotarian paid for a subscription.

Previously the Rotary Clubs of the Niagara Frontier, of which the EGGERTSVILLE-SNYDER Club is one, exchanged greetings with the Rotary Club of GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA. A copy of the greetings, framed in leather, was also presented to President Carbajal.

Not Seaworthy, but Gobs of Fun

"Make yourselves at home" is the spirit of the ALAMEDA, CALIF., Rotary Club. When, with the Kiwanis Club of that city, it recently entertained 16 representatives from all branches of the Navy, it gave the phrase a literal turn. ALAMEDA High School boys had built the shell of a 38-foot "bathtub," which served as the speakers' table. An American flag was displayed at the bow, a Navy flag at the stern, and a Navy pennant over the pilot house, which was used as the speakers' stand. When the guests had taken their places at the table, they appeared to be seated on the deck of a ship.

Club Promotes Goodwill by Mail

In carrying out Rotary's Fourth Object—the advancement of international understanding and goodwill—the SMETHWICK, ENGLAND, Rotary Club now has 75 persons on its mailing list. Members suggest names and addresses of any friend or business acquaintance overseas, and to them—Rotarians or non-Rotarians—go letters which tell of the Club's work and activities, and give a brief history of SMETHWICK and its development. All letters are approved by the International Service Committee before mailing. Letters of felicitation are also sent to newly organized Clubs throughout the Rotary world.

68 London Clubs Greet 'First Lady'

Greetings were telegraphed to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the President of the United States, by the 68 Rotary Clubs in LONDON, ENGLAND, at the time of her recent visit to Britain. The message read: "International Service Committee of the 68

Rotary Clubs in London extend warmest greetings and thanks for your efforts to further their Fourth Object, namely the development of international understanding and goodwill." Mrs. Roosevelt's reply, to the Chairman of the International Service Committee of District 13, reads: "Please accept my sincere thanks for the very kind telegram of greeting which you, as Chairman of the International Service Committee, sent me on behalf of the 68 Rotary Clubs in London. I should be very grateful if you would convey to the other members of the Committee my deep appreciation of their message."

Discover 'Acres of Diamonds'

When the gasoline and rubber shortage threatened to eliminate out-of-town speakers for the Rotary Club of COCOA, FLA., the Club turned to a near-by naval air station for talent, now reports the best programs it ever has had. A lieutenant, for example, de-

scribed his experiences at Pearl Harbor, another related his adventures during 16 days on a cannibal island when his plane was forced down in the Coral Sea, others told of their enterprises in The Philippines and China.

Captured 'Sub' Helps Sell Bonds

Impetus was given to the war-bond sale which the Rotary Club of SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF., conducted when a two-man submarine (18 feet long with steel plate one-fourth of an inch thick!) captured at Pearl Harbor was exhibited. San Bernardino County, incidentally, is the largest county in the United States—325 miles east to west—and the \$100,700 worth of bonds sold by Rotarians were a third of the amount sold in the county's "Pearl Harbor Day" campaign.

War bonds sold so fast that adding machines could not keep up with computations of the amounts—in the Rotary Club of BUFFALO, N. Y. The bonds, more



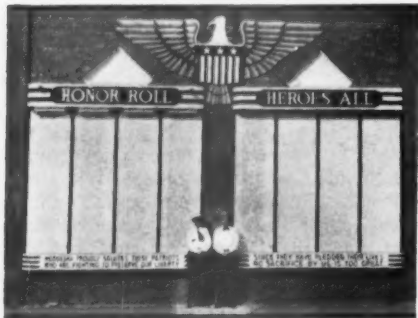
GAS SAVERS: Fernando Carbajal (above), President of Rotary International, at Shawinigan Falls, Que., Canada. (Below) Rotarians at Altavista, Va., on the way to a noon luncheon.



Photo: Wright



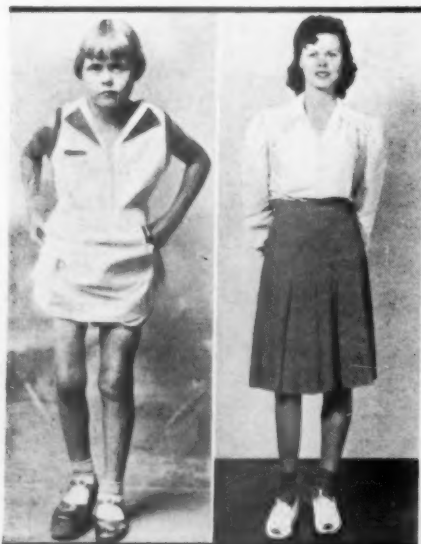
ON EASTER mornings in this amphitheater, 2,000 persons attend sunrise services sponsored by the Rotarians of Memphis, Tex.



ROTARIAN W. A. Alexander and a fellow townsman erected this roll of Neodesha, Kans., men and women in the armed forces.



POST-WAR problems engaged Rotarians of Hattiesburg, Miss., when they observed the 151st birthday of the American Bill of Rights.



THIS GIRL, before and after treatment, is one of 275 crippled children who have been helped by the Rotary Club of Clinton, Mo.

than \$500,000 worth, were sold at a regular Club luncheon in connection with a drive staged by the motion-picture industry of BUFFALO. . . . Rotarians of WOODLAND, CALIF., at two Club meetings pledged themselves to buy \$15,300 in war bonds as their share in the city's campaign for \$175,000 for a bomber, to be named *The City of Woodland*. Also, the Club was instrumental in organizing a city forum, which serves as a clearinghouse for efforts to solve community and war-help problems.

In four days recently the Rotary and Kiwanis clubs of HOPKINSVILLE, KY., sold \$805,000 worth of war bonds, thus exceeding the county's quota by \$5,000. An interclub sales contest, which the Rotarians won, sparked the drive. . . . Coffee sold for \$600 a pound recently in MAGNOLIA, ARK., bacon for \$750 a pound, with other commodities equally high. However, there was no complaint, for these prices represented bonds bought at a war-bond auction sponsored by the MAGNOLIA Rotary Club. More than \$60,000 in bonds were sold in less than three hours.

When the Rotary Clubs of PEKIN and PEORIA, ILL., put on a joint one-day war-bond and stamp sale, they sold \$104,000 worth, the largest amount ever sold by any organization in those cities.

Prices on turkeys—or at least one of them—rose momentarily in MONTE VISTA, COLO., when the local Rotary Club auctioned a turkey during a war-bond and stamp sale it conducted. Bidding was accumulative, each bidder paying the amount he increased the bid and receiving that amount in bonds or stamps. The bird finally sold for \$500.50, and the proceeds from the evening's efforts totalled \$714.50.

Without much ado, and without sales pressure, Rotarians of TIFTON, GA., subscribed for over \$13,000 worth of war bonds at one Club meeting. . . . On the anniversary of the bombing of Pearl Harbor, every member of the Rotary Club of THREE RIVERS, TEX., subscribed for at least one war bond at the Club meeting. Total purchases: \$1,004. The Club's Community Service Committee sold an additional \$3,825 worth.

Bonds Aid Both War and Rotary When Rotary Clubs purchase war bonds and make them payable to the Rotary Foundation, they aid both the war effort and Rotary's future. A recent contribution of \$200, for example, came from the Bronx, New York, N. Y., Rotary Club. One hundred dollar bonds recently were received from Evanston, Ill.; Monroe, La.; Bradford, Pa.; and Denison, Tex. Those contributing \$50 included Clinton, Okla.; Hilo, Hawaii; Topeka, Kans.; Jennings, La.; and Bemidji, Minn. Twice during this Rotary year the Rotary Club of Burley, Idaho, sent a \$25 bond. Other \$25 bonds came from Oak Harbor, Ohio; Centralia, Mo.; Castroville, Calif.; Piedmont, Mo.; Hill City, So. Dak.; Jeanerette, La.; Jackson, Mo.; Bonne Terre, Mo.; Abbeville, La.; Grant City, Mo.; Mountain View, Okla.; Clarion, Iowa; Harvey, Ill.; Campbell, Mo.; Steele, Mo.; Stafford, Kans.; Hillside, N. J.; Bray-

Censor Asks Rotary Club Aid

From the Office of Censorship, WASHINGTON, D. C., comes a request to Rotary Clubs and editors of Rotary Club publications in the United States concerning the publishing of addresses of men in the armed services.

The Code of Wartime Practices for the American Press asks that names of Navy personnel *never* be linked with ships or bases, and that military units not be identified if they are serving outside the United States or are about to embark or are assigned for tactical purposes.

APO (Army Post Office) addresses are given for units serving abroad, and mail addressed to men using the APO addresses, but omitting the military units, will reach its destination.

According to the Office of Censorship, there is no objection to publishing military unit identification of troops in domestic training camps, even when APO addresses have been assigned for those troops, but when an APO address in care of a postmaster of a seaport or coastal city is used, it is likely that the unit is abroad, about to go abroad, or is assigned for defense purposes, and then the military units should not be identified.

mer, Mo.; Prescott, Ark.; Sumner, Iowa; Luxora, Ark.; Kinder, La.; Salamanca, N. Y.; Junction, Tex.; and Huntington, Ind.

Cash contributions recently received were from Neosho, Mo., \$25; Nevada, Iowa, \$33; Lucien S. Loeb, of Montgomery, Ala., \$100; Knoxville, Tenn., \$120.

Invasion Attack Surprises Men

Wives of St. CLOUD, MINN., Rotarians laid siege to the dining room at a Club luncheon during the recent holiday season and staged a surprise party for their husbands. When the doors to the dining-room were opened, Rotarians were astonished to see their customary places at the tables usurped by women. The ladies presented a program and gifts were provided for all.

All Hands Heave Ho for Hospital

Coöperation is an act not an adage in HANOVER, ONT., CANADA. Each year the local Rotary Club holds a tea for the benefit of the city's hospital. A Chinese of the city donates the use of his restaurant and furnishes tea and cakes, free, for the affair. The Club handles the decorations and forwards the gross proceeds to the hospital.

HANOVER Rotarians also helped 25 farm boys and girls of their community make a nice profit and aid their country's war effort when they supplied the youths with 700 baby chicks and 50 pounds of chick starter. From these

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Pass on Ties
 Fit to Be Tied
 Rotarians of TULSA, OKLA., have struck a happy solution to that old-tie problem. They weed out their old neckties and turn them over to a fellow member, who cleans and presses them. Then they are sent to a local boys' home.

They Live Long in Petersburg
 It never had a saint before its name, like St. Petersburg in old Russia and St. Petersburg in Florida. And it never boasted of its climate, for winds as chill as those off the Steppes sweep across it in Wintertime. Yet, along with everyone else in town, 40 men and women, more than 80 years old, have found PETERSBURG, ILL., a good place to live. They were more certain of it than ever when the Rotary Club there entertained them at its sixth annual meeting for octogenarians.

Expatriates Meet in Great Britain
 Representatives of the Governments of the United Nations, as well as Rotarians from Great Britain, attended the celebration which 54 members of former Rotary Clubs in their own countries, but now in exile, held recently in LONDON, ENGLAND, to mark the second anniversary of their organization. Guests and members totalled 120. The 54 expatriated Rotarians are from Belgium, Czechoslovakia, China, France, Greece, The Netherlands, Norway, Poland, and Yugoslavia. Six British Rotarians are honorary members of the organization.

Nairobi Women Dress Refugees
 Polish and Greek refugees passing through Kenya, Africa, have received 1,500 dresses and more than 100 pairs of shoes through the efforts of wives of NAIROBI Rotarians. One hundred and fifty articles of clothing for babies also have been sent to bombing victims in England.

Home Sweets Sent Away-from-Home
 Two hundred and thirty servicemen in America's armed forces have been sent boxes of "Aplets," a product of their home town, by the Rotary Club of CASHMERE, WASH. "Aplets" are a confection made from apples grown in the State of Washington.

More Rotary Cogs ... More Candles
 A hearty welcome to these 12 new Clubs, recently admitted to membership in Rotary International: Cardenas, Mexico; Hershey, Cuba; Penedo, Brazil; Oildale, Calif.; La Sarre, Que., Canada; Ciudad Jiménez, Mexico; Meoqui, Mexico; Challapata, Bolivia; Los Teques, Venezuela; Puerto Cabello, Venezuela; Rockwood, Pa.; Aracati, Brazil.

Congratulations to these Rotary Clubs



IN HOLGUIN, Cuba, the Rotary Club sponsors the observance of Columbus Day in the schools.



THIS Rotary Club booth in Ketchikan, Alaska, sells the "one millionth dollar" war bond.



CUPPA COFFEE, soldier? Then step right up to this U.S.O. canteen in a Danville, Ill., railway station. The local Rotary Club helps underwrite it. Yes, there are "sinkers" there, too!



THESE Australian pilots and 27 of their pals, or "cobbers," were guests of the Rotary Club of Chicago, Ill., after completing four months of training in Canada for combat service.

Rotary Events Calendar

March 5—Magazine Committee meets in Chicago.

March 25-27—Finance Committee meets in Chicago.

which are celebrating their 25th anniversaries this month: Elyria, Ohio; Elkins, W. Va.; Buckhannon, W. Va.; Logansport, Ind.; Jacksonville, Ill.; Schenectady, N. Y.; and Kendallville, Ind.

Write a Letter—To reestablish some of its international contacts, which have been broken by war, the Rotary Club of JAFFA-TEL AVIV, PALESTINE, desires to correspond with other Rotary Clubs. A Club spokesman writes:

Mails are few and far between. Only at long intervals do we receive mails from other lands. We should like to know more about Rotarians still carrying on in those countries where Rotary still functions. To exchange views would give us encouragement. We should like to receive letters from Clubs, addresses on interesting topics, reports of Club activities, and suggestions for Rotary work. Our Club is situated in a focal part of the Middle East, comprising two sister towns, and is composed of Christian, Jewish, and Moslem members. We would be glad to give information to other Clubs and to enter into correspondence with them.

Praise Poultryman For "meritorious on Lively Layers service" in breeding Barred Rock chickens.

T. N. Wilcox, a North Carolina farmer, has been awarded a certificate by the TRYON, N. C., Rotary and Kiwanis clubs. The hens, which were entered in both State and national egg-laying contests, averaged 265 eggs per hen in ten months.

Rotarians Still "Scrap or go hungry" was the motto of the Rotary Club in the Scrap!

of CHESTER, VT., which voted that each member must bring at least ten pounds of scrap metal or go hungry at the weekly dinner meeting. The result: 4,675 pounds were collected, plus two automobiles weighing 6,500 pounds. No one went hungry. The Rotarian who brought in the largest amount won a free dinner. . . . By vote of the local Rotary Club's Board of Directors, the 1,200-pound cannon in Rotary Park in OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA., was turned over to the scrap-metal drive.

Thirty-one pounds of keys, or 1,500 individual keys, were collected by the Rotary Club of CONCORD, N. H., in the scrap drive. . . . The Rotary Club of ABILENE, TEX., collected 2,450 pounds of scrap, sold it for \$11.02, placed the funds to the credit of its Mexican children's milk fund. . . . Members of the Rotary Club of PIKEVILLE, KY., wore old clothes to a weekly luncheon during the scrap drive and helped load scrap iron after the meeting. . . . "Scrapping" was worth \$155 to the Rotary Club of WILLIAMSON, N. Y., and \$30 to the Rotary Club of NEBRASKA CITY, NEBR.

JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA, Rotarians last year sponsored 152 bioscope shows.

57 concerts, two joy rides, and ten Punch and Judy shows for various institutions and groups. Their War Effort Committee, which is assisted by members' ladies, purchased a mobile canteen for the boys "up North" and ran a "milk bar" for the Liberty Cavalcade.

The Rotary Club of AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND, has placed libraries of books on troop ships carrying Air Force personnel between New Zealand and Canada. Copies of current weeklies are sent to the sick bay at H.M.S. *Tamaki*. . . . The loan of a refrigerator to a service canteen for the duration is reported by the Rotary Club of COLOMBO, CEYLON.

Servicemen passing through AMSTERDAM, N. Y., receive gum and cigarettes from the local Rotary Club. A weekly "take" at Club luncheons provides the necessary funds. . . . Ninety wounded soldiers have new slippers as the result of a picture-show night sponsored not long ago by the Rotary Club of BURWOOD, AUSTRALIA. . . . An elaborate dart board has been presented to a local U.S.O. center by the Rotary Club of SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

The Business Advisory Committee of the Rotary Club of ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA, has placed its facilities at the disposal of the new Allied Forces Coördination Committee. The Committee continues to cooperate with the Fighting Forces Welfare Bureau, all business matters of inquiry being handled by the Rotary Committee. . . . Despite difficulties arising from the war, Swedish Rotary Clubs carry on their children's work. Seventy-six Finnish foster children were sponsored in 1941-42.

'All Aboard' in Mexico

Because the local railroad station had no proper platform for the passengers alighting from and boarding trains, the Rotary Club of CULIACÁN, one of the youngest Clubs in MEXICO, started a campaign which enlisted the local Chamber of Commerce, the local and State governments, and the railroad. Now there is a new and ample platform at the railroad station in CULIACÁN.

Deposits Mount—When the Rotary Club of NEWARK, N. Y., sponsored six visits of the "blood bank" mobile unit from ROCHESTER, N. Y., citizens contributed more than 800 pints of blood. . . . In SACRAMENTO, CALIF., the local Rotary Club made a contribution of \$1,250 toward opening a blood bank. . . . Transportation to the hospital is provided for blood donors in BLANCHESTER, OHIO, by Rotarians. . . . Ninety-six percent of the members of the Rotary Club of PINCKNEYVILLE, ILL., contributed to their city's blood bank. . . . All Rotarians of ALLENTOWN, PA., have had their blood typed, and a complete file is kept in the Club Secretary's office, thus making the men available on short notice for blood donations. . . . Three hundred blood donors were obtained for the Red Cross by the Rotary Club of EAST ORANGE, N. J. . . . Members of the Rotary Club of WINNIPEG, MAN., CANADA, were responsible for placing a blood bank in a local

hospital. . . . A blood-donor clinic has been established in its neighbor city of LACHINE by the MONTREAL WESTWARD, QUE., CANADA, Rotary Club.

Club Sees 50 Inducted in Army

At a regular Club meeting recently, CHICAGO, ILL., Rotarians saw 50 young men sworn into the United States Army by high-ranking officers. . . . The Rotary Club of CHICAGO issues "Rotary Cards" to members' sons in the armed services, for presentation to other Clubs in areas where they may be stationed.

Preview Careers for Youth

The Rotary Club of DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND, is cooperating with the local Returned Soldiers Association in the education and vocational guidance of soldiers' children. . . . Rotarians of SUNDERLAND, ENGLAND, have inaugurated a series of vocational addresses to boys of school-leaving age to guide them in choosing careers. Schoolmasters have welcomed the project.

Vocational guidance for returned soldiers is being studied by the Rotary Club of INVERCARGILL, NEW ZEALAND. . . . "Rehabilitation after the war" is the subject of a study being made by Rotarians of CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

Club Checks on Moneylenders

The usurious practices of moneylenders in South Africa have been under investigation by the Rotary Club of CAPETOWN as a part of its Vocational Service. All Clubs in the District have been urged to investigate the activities of moneylenders in their areas, and a deputation was appointed to interview the Minister of Justice on the matter.

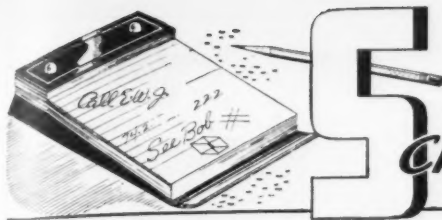
Egyptian Clubs Feed Hungry Tots

When Rotarians of ASSIUT, EGYPT, found that 93 percent of the city's school children were underfed, they sent luncheons to the schools in motor vans. The Assiut Club also provides medical and eye care to pupils. . . . Lunches are supplied to poor students by the Rotary Club of MANSOURAH, EGYPT.

Coast Guardsmen Transportation to church is provided for coast guardsmen who desire this service, by the Rotary Club of HANCOCK, MICH.

Send Their Names

The Rotary Clubs of DAYTON, OHIO, and NEOSHO, MISSOURI, wish to entertain Rotarians or their sons who are in the armed services and stationed near their cities. Those at Wright Field or Patterson Field near DAYTON should communicate with the Rotary Club at 404 Biltmore Hotel, DAYTON. Rotarians or sons of Rotarians who are stationed at Camp Crowder should contact the President or Secretary of the NEOSHO, MISSOURI, Rotary Club.



Scratchpaddings

BROADCASTS. When FERNANDO CARBAJAL, President of Rotary International, visited the Rotary Club of San Francisco, Calif., on his recent tour of Rotary Clubs, he broadcast over Radio Station KQW, speaking on the theme "Rotary Serves—in War and Peace." A recording of the address was broadcast to South America, and, later, the Office of War Information rebroadcast it to Australia, New Zealand, and China. At the OWI's request, PRESIDENT CARBAJAL also made a transcribed interview for broadcast to the Orient.

While in Portland, Oreg., PRESIDENT CARBAJAL also broadcast, at which time the United States Navy presented him with a gavel made from wood from the U.S.S. *Oregon*, now being dismantled for scrap. During the Spanish American War this ship made a trip around Cape Horn and stopped at the President's home city, Lima, Peru, for refueling.

Trustees. The following have been appointed Honorary Trustees of the Rotary Foundation for the year 1943 by FERNANDO CARBAJAL, President of Rotary International: ARCH C. KLUMPH, Cleveland, Ohio, Chairman; MANUEL GAETE FAGALDE, Santiago, Chile; DONATO GAMINARA, Montevideo, Uruguay; PAUL P. HARRIS, Chicago, Ill.; HERBERT C. HOOVER, Palo Alto, Calif.; F. E. JAMES, Madras, India; LOUIS L. LANG, Kitchener, Ont., Canada; CHARLES A. MANDER, Wolverhampton, England; CRAWFORD C. McCULLOUGH, Fort William, Ont., Canada; ANGUS MITCHELL, Melbourne, Australia; ARMANDO DE ARRUDA PEREIRA, São Paulo, Brazil; J. LAYTON RALSTON, Ottawa, Ont., Canada; ALMON E. ROTH, San Francisco, Calif.; FELIPE SILVA, Cienfuegos, Cuba; I. B. SUTTON, Tampico, Mexico.

Silver Lining. Shortly before he assumed office as President of the Rotary

Club of Oakland, Calif., PAUL REAGOR was seriously injured in an automobile accident. It has prevented his attending meetings. However, his cloud has a silver lining. When Rotary's international President, FERNANDO CARBAJAL, visited Oakland recently, he made a personal call on PRESIDENT REAGOR at his home, wished him a speedy recovery.

Ill in Africa. According to information just received by THE SCRATCHPAD MAN, the son of T. J. REES, of Swansea, Wales, President of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland, is ill in a military hospital in Johannesburg, Africa. The news, which came in a recent issue of *Rotary in Africa*, official journal of the 55th District, states that he will be in the hospital for sev-



LOOK ALIKE? They are Chesley R. Perry (left), formerly Secretary of Rotary International, and Carl Zapffe (right), of Brainerd, Minn., a Past Rotary District Governor.

eral months, and suggests that Rotarians in Africa visit him.

Rotary Authors. TOM HENDERSON, of Yanceyville, N. C. (see *True Tales of a Judge*, December ROTARIAN), is the author of two new books, *Judge Cooke* and *Plain Tales from the Country*. . . .



CHARLES L. WHEELER, of San Francisco, Calif., choice of the Nominating Committee for President of Rotary International for the year 1943-44. (See item below.)

KENNETH WRAY CONNERS, author of *Pro, Con, and Coffee* (Howell, Soskin, \$2), (see February ROTARIAN, page 42), is the son of W. H. CONNERS, a former Pittsburgh, Pa., Rotarian.

Nominee. CHARLES L. WHEELER, member of the 1942-43 Magazine Committee and Third Vice-President of Rotary International in 1935-36, is the choice of the Nominating Committee for President of Rotary International in 1943-44. "CHARLIE" is a Past President of the San Francisco, Calif., Rotary Club, and a Past Governor of District 104. He is vice-president and general manager of the Lumber and McCormick Steamship Company divisions of Pope & Talbot, Inc., with headquarters in San Francisco. . . . Any member Club of Rotary International may make other nominations until April 1. If none does, ROTARIAN WHEELER becomes the President-Nominee.

Honors. For conspicuous conduct and bravery under fire, the REV. MR. KENNETH D. PERKINS, honorary member of the Rotary Club of Hilo, Hawaii, has been awarded the Distinguished Service Medal. . . . In recognition of a lifetime of work for the promotion of understanding and goodwill among persons of various races and religious faiths, the REV. DR. M. ASHBY JONES was awarded a citation from the National Conference of Christians and Jews at a recent meeting of the Atlanta, Ga., Rotary Club. . . . As a token of its esteem and affection, the Rotary Club of Port Arthur, Ont., Canada, has presented a certificate to the HON. CLARENCE D. HOWE, honorary member of the Club. ROTARIAN HOWE is Minister of



CAN YOU tie this? Here are five sets of brothers in one Rotary Club—Rockmart, Ga. They are paired off vertically in the photo. Naming first the brother seated, they are, from left to right: Clifford and Howard Fambro, Gordon S. and Earl A. Powell, Hugh and Ralph McRae, B. T. and E. R. Morgan, and W. B. and J. M. Cochran.



ADD: PRESIDENT'S TRAVELS. In Hollywood, Calif., Fernando Carbajal, Rotary's First Officer, visits Grauman's famous Chinese theater and chats with a tall attendant.



Munitions and Supply, and has experienced several torpedo attacks at sea in the administration of his office. . . . **ARTURO LOPEZ ALONSO**, a member of the Rotary Club of Mérida, Mexico, and president of the Bank of Yucatan, has been appointed ruling general of the "Improvement of Yucatan" organization or council set up by the State of Yucatan. **ALBERTO GARCÍ CANTÓN**, also of Mérida, Governor of Rotary District 23, has been appointed a representative of banks. . . . When the Rotary Club of Peoria, Ill., celebrated its 30th anniversary recently, among the guests was **FERNANDO CARBAJAL**, President of Rotary International. The occasion also marked the observance of 30 years of perfect attendance by one of the Club's members—**DR. EDWIN H. BRADLEY**. . . . **LOUIS S. STERLING**, a charter member of the Lebanon, Ind., Rotary Club, who has not missed a meeting since the Club was organized in 1919, has been elected Mayor of his city. . . . **WILLIAM CHRISTMAN**, honorary member of the Rotary Club of Washington, Pa., who has been president of the Washington Real Estate Board for 20 years, and the only president the board ever has had, has been reelected to that office. . . . **DR. GEORGE S. PATTERSON**, a member of the Rotary Club of Toronto, Ont., Canada, has been appointed counsellor to the new Canadian Legation at Chungking, China.

Rotary in 1710? "Rotary Clubs"—or at least something vaguely akin to them—existed as early as 1710 under the name of "Two Penny Clubs," according to the Ithaca, N. Y., Rotary Club News. The "Two Penny Clubs," it says, "were erected for the preservation of friendship and good neighborhoods," and their rules were:

1. Every member at his first coming in shall lay down twopence.
2. Every member shall fill his pipe out of his own box.
3. If any member absent himself, he shall forfeit a penny for the use of the club, unless in case of sickness or imprisonment.

LEFT: President Carbajal visits St. Peter's Church in Shawinigan Falls, Que. Canada, with Club President Gélinas, and (below) the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa, Ont., with International Director Norman Foster (right) and Ottawa Club President Henry R. Welch.



More 'E' Award Winners

The U. S. Navy "E" dates back to 1906. First awarded for excellence in gunnery, it later was extended to signalize outstanding performance in engineering and communication, and now, as the Army-Navy "E" Award, it also embraces plants and organizations which show excellence in producing ships, weapons, and other war equipment.

The award consists of a flag to be flown above the plant and a lapel pin which every man and woman in the organization may wear. Among plants which have received the award recently, and whose executives are Rotarians, are:

Maewhyte Co., Kenosha, Wis. ROTARIANS JESSEL S. WHYTE and GEORGE S. WHYTE.

Lebanon Woolen Mills, Lebanon, Tenn. ROTARIANS HOWARD K. EDGERTON, GRAYDON ROBINSON, and BURTON WILSON.

Harrisburg Steel Corp., Harrisburg, Pa. ROTARIAN KENNETH H. CASKEY. (One award from the Army and one from the Army and Navy jointly.)

Crane Co., Chicago, Ill. ROTARIANS CHARLES E. BARROWS and CHARLES R. CRANE II.

Swift & Co., Chicago, Ill. ROTARIAN OLLIE E. JONES.

John Wyeth & Brother, Philadelphia, Pa. (with star for second six months of continuous production). ROTARIAN RUSSELL RAY REED.

Sharples Chemicals, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa. ROTARIAN NOAL JAMES HOOPER.

Sylvania Industrial Corp., Philadelphia, Pa. ROTARIAN EMIL M. FARRIS.

Bridgeport Fabrics, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn. ROTARIANS TALLMADGE N. WAKEMAN and EARL J. MORRELL.

4. If any member tells stories in the club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third lie a halfpenny.
5. If any member curses or swears, his neighbor may give him a kick upon the shins.
6. If any member strikes another wrongfully, he shall pay his club dues for him.
7. If any member brings his wife into the club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smokes.

In Algiers. The REV. FATHER H. D. BUCHANAN, a member of the Rotary Club of Las Cruces, N. Mex., until he entered the armed services of the United States as a chaplain, is now stationed in Algiers, North Africa.

Hostels. According to **NORMAN G. FOSTER**, of Ottawa, Ont., Canada, Director of Rotary International, who arranged the British Commonwealth of Nations dinner during Rotary's Convention in Toronto last June, £87.15.5 remained after all expenses were paid. This sum was sent to T. A. WARREN, of Wolverhampton, England, Immediate Past First Vice-President of Rotary International, and T. D. YOUNG, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Immediate Past President of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland, for distribution. ROTARIAN WARREN wrote:

One half has gone to a hostel making provision mainly for shipwrecked seamen. Here is a temporary home where they can get sleep and food and much needed help by way of clothing and other necessities until they can get safely and bravely either on

Many Problems Face Rotary's Board of Directors



Members of the Board of Directors of Rotary International meet at 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Left to right: Fred L. Haas (U.S.A.); Norman G. Foster (Canada); Porter W. Carswell (U.S.A.); Secretary Philip Lovejoy; First Vice-President J. Raymond Tiffany (U.S.A.); President Fernando Carbajal (Peru); Immediate Past President Tom J. Davis (U.S.A.); Third Vice-President Armando Hamel (Chile); Gregory W. Melaven and M. Louise Schneble, Rotary Secretariat Staff; Manuel Gall-garcia (Cuba); Harry D. Poulston (U.S.A.); Francis A. Kettaneh (Lebanon); Datus E. Proper (U.S.A.).

MORE THAN 90 important items were considered when the Board of Directors of Rotary International convened in Chicago for its mid-Rotary-year meeting. . . . Of the 14 members of the Board, these four were unable to attend: P. H. W. ALMY, of Torquay, England; RICHARD R. CURRIE, of Johannesburg, South Africa; THIRD VICE-PRESIDENT ARMANDO HAMEL, of Santiago, Chile; and SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT C. J. STEIGER, of Zurich, Switzerland. Some of the decisions reached in the meeting are briefed here:

The Board named the following as Directors-Nominee for outside the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland, and Great Britain and Ireland for 1943-44: SHAPPOORJEE B. BILLIMORIA, of Bombay, India; RICARDO CALATRONI, of Rosario, Argentina; CARLOS M. COLLIGNON, of Guadalajara, Mexico (to serve a two-year term); C. J. STEIGER, of Zurich, Switzerland; and SINCLAIR J. MCGIBBON, of Perth, Australia.

The Board agreed there should be no change in the present policy in regard to holding District Assemblies and Conferences in 1943. . . . Adopted six points of guidance for future plans to reestablish Rotary Clubs in regions where Rotary has ceased to exist. . . . Agreed that a souvenir "Golden Book" be published on the 50th anniversary of Rotary in 1955. . . . CHESLEY R. PERRY, General Secretary of Rotary International from 1910 to 1942, was invited to act as counsellor for the further development of Rotary's historical library and to write a history of Rotary.

The outpost-membership experiment was discontinued

as of January 15, 1943. . . . The Board restated its definition of "Government Service," concerning "mobilized Rotarians" as meaning, generally, active service in the armed forces and active full-time service in Federal, State, or provincial employment. . . . Two thousand dollars was allocated for Rotary extension in Ibero-America.

Permission was granted to the Rotary Club of Vancouver, B. C., to invite other Canadian Rotary Clubs to make the establishment of a Royal Canadian Navy Benevolent Fund one of their objectives for 1942-1943, and to appeal to Clubs and Rotarians in Canada for contributions. . . . Clubs will be asked to establish Committees, the members representing different major classifications, to give confidential business advice to Rotarians requesting such help, and to hold clinics and forums of an economic nature for the purpose of discussing such problems.

The President of Rotary International was authorized to appoint an Assistant Treasurer for the organization to act in the absence of the Treasurer.

The Committee on Participation of Rotarians in the Post-War World was asked to prepare 11 additional program outlines for distribution in pamphlet form to Rotary Clubs. . . . The Secretariat was authorized to distribute in both English and Spanish the "Four-Way Test," developed by ROTARIAN HERBERT J. TAYLOR, of Chicago, Ill. . . . BART N. PEAK, of Lexington, Ky., was elected Governor of District 162 to succeed R. D. MARTIN, who resigned because of moving from the District.

their way home or to the sea again. These men of the Mercantile Marine are the very salt of the sea in these days. But you fellows know that as well as we do, for they belong to you as well as to us and many other countries.

The second half has gone to what we call the "Rotary Boys' House" at Weston-Super-Mare. This is a place in a fine seaside town where Rotary Clubs from all over England and Wales can act as hosts to boys who come from the poorest type of home and who, in addition, are in need of a holiday by the sea. . . .

\$10,000 Token. Through the will of SQUADRON LEADER PHILIP HERBERT FOSTER, who was killed while on an operational flight with the Royal Air Force near Stavanger, Norway, the Rotary Club of Flin Flon, Man., Canada, will receive \$1,000 annually for ten years, to be used in its Community Service Work. The

gift will be paid from a plumbing business owned by the flier, an honorary member of the Flin Flon Club until his resignation prior to entering service.

Still Serving. When gasoline rationing went into effect in his area, ROTARIAN PHILIP A. JOHNSON, of Northbrook, Ill., had to close his restaurant. But this didn't stop him from serving the Deerfield-Northbrook Rotary Club. Each meeting day, assisted by his wife, daughter-in-law, and son, he "opens up."

Break. While THOMAS GRAY, a member of the Rotary Club of Fort Collins, Colo., lay in a hospital bed in Dodge City, Kans., recovering from a broken leg, incurred while on a construction

job at an Army air base, he worried over breaking a 12-year Rotary attendance record. ROSS H. BANGS, Chairman of the Fellowship Committee of the Dodge City Rotary Club, called ROTARIAN J. C. DUNSFORD, who owns an ambulance, and they arranged—with the physician's permission—to take ROTARIAN GRAY to the Dodge City Rotary Club meeting for a "make-up."

Record Knitter? Since the attack on Pearl Harbor MRS. EDWARD C. MAY, whose husband is a member of the Rotary Club of Maysville, Ky., has knitted 160 sweaters for members of the armed forces of the United States. Is this a "Rotary Ann" record?

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN

Soya Can Do

[Continued from page 27]

than you think in shortening, oleomargarine, and salad dressing.

Squeezing the beans in big hydraulic "expellers" produces a maize-colored, tasteless oil that is prized not only in the food industry, but in a dozen others as well. What you have left is a hard cake of bean pulp—containing from 41 to 52 percent protein. If you are going to feed it to cows, you don't bother to remove the soybean epidermis before expelling the oil, and the cake looks like dark brown wallboard and tastes no better, being slightly bitter and more than slightly scorched. If you intend making soybean flour for human use, you remove the hull, take care not to burn the cake, and get a cream-colored sheet about as thick as veneer. Ground, coarse or fine, this makes soybean grits or flour.

Never before much concerned about its food supply, or in feeding a breadline composed of whole nations, the United States has paid little attention to this side of the soybean's nature. A few thousand bushels of soybean flour have been used for bread, a little more for cocktail crackers, a little more for dog biscuit. Soybean flour has appeared mostly in obscure health-food stores. The rest has been fed to livestock.

The soybean, in other words, has been valued as a form of fat and oil, but not as a form of protein with which to allay human hunger. But all that is changing. From the United States 61 million pounds of soybean flour were shipped under lease-lend in the 12 months ending August 1, 1942, along with millions of pounds of the soyasausage and 11½ million pounds of whole soybeans.

The Germans, it is now known, have fortified practically all their Army rations with soybean flour. As far back as 1939, they added the protein-rich powder to the ten basic foods of the German Army—barley, noodles, wheat flour, conserves, peas, potatoes, rice, lentils, cabbage, and turnips. A German Army cookbook in the possession of the Glidden Soya Products Laboratory, Chicago, shows that the Nazis not only stretch meats by adding soybean flour, but also thicken soup with it and use it to fortify gravy. The German recipe for "thickened soup" calls for beef bones, soup vegetables, wheat flour, and soybean flour. Chemists who have tried the recipe say the soup derives one-third of its protein from the soybean.

The flour, important as it may become, is small potatoes right now by comparison with soybean oil. Fats and oils are precious in warfare—but war in the Far East crimped oil supplies. The United States used to buy 1,600,000,000

pounds a year in The Philippines, Japan, the East Indies, and China.

Among the foreign oils cut off are Perilla, sesame, and tung oils, favored for making paint because they dry fast. Soybean oil will make up the deficiency. It has provided a good deal of America's paint, enamel, varnish, and lacquer in the past; now it will provide still more. Another war casualty is coconut oil, thousands of tons of which have been used for margarine and soap. Here again the soybean growers will step into the breach. Soybean oil can handle both assignments.

In addition, this accommodating bean is expected to take over many of the duties of casein. A casein shortage is inevitable, since casein is a milk derivative, and the demand for milk is reaching huge proportions. Millions of pounds of it, evaporated or dried, have been shipped to America's expeditionary forces and Allies. Casein is a necessity in certain armament industries; without it, we'd be in a bad way. But soybean protein, which can do the same work, will fill the gap.

Taking one thing with another, the soybean is turning out to be Little Miss Fix-it. Soybean oil is also good for making nitroglycerine. Thousands of bushels of the 1941 crop went to Canada, and were transformed from harmless fodder to violent explosives. Soybean protein makes a strong, kinky fiber some chemists regard as the finest *ersatz* wool yet devised. So it goes with almost every war shortage that arises. Even the tire famine, for along with its other accomplishments, the soybean is an emergency source of artificial rubber.

The rubber-making process has been known for a long time—the Germans had one in 1917. U. S. Government men working in the Northern Agricultural Research Laboratory at Peoria, Illinois, announced a short-cut soon after war with Japan threatened rubber imports from Malaya. It may not supplant butadiene, the petroleum by-product, but the soybean can supply tires if necessary.

The soybean's versatility, of course, is old stuff, the subject of ten thousand

feature stories. A year or so ago, Henry Ford, wearing a suit made of soybean "wool," treated a visitor to a glass of soybean milk and took him for a ride in a soybean Ford, in which soybean plastics had replaced everything replaceable.* Mr. Ford has predicted that this bean will in time replace both the cow and the hog on Midwestern farms, and the corn belt will inevitably become known as the soybean belt.

Americans have never paid much attention to the soybean as a source of protein, yet it is one of the oldest foods known to man. Grown for centuries in Northern China and Korea, as the principal crop of that quarter of the globe, it has been the staff of life to uncounted millions. The Chinese, however, relied on Manchurian soybeans, and staged a buyers' strike, at the cost of considerable malnutrition, when the Japanese took over Manchurian bean fields.

A clipper ship brought the first soybeans to the United States in 1804. The Department of Agriculture imported seed for testing toward the end of the century. So did W. P. Brooks, of the Massachusetts experiment station, who brought over a variety called "Guelph" in 1889—from Japan. A year later the Kansas experiment station introduced an early-maturing strain called "Ito San." Soybeans growing in a garden plot were a curiosity in the Oriental exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. The Illinois experiment station at Urbana began variety tests as early as 1906. Yet by 1914 the total acreage of American soybeans wasn't much above 2,000. It was a hay crop in those days, and no one suspected it would ever be anything more.

In 1927 soya-oil processing plants began to spring up, and the acreage jumped to 776,000. Since then the spread of the soybean has been spectacular. By 1935 the Director of the Census was calling it "one of the major changes in American agriculture." That year, 23 million bushels were produced. (The 1942 crop totalled about 200 million bushels.) The United States is well on the way to overtaking Manchuria as the world's greatest soybean grower.

Soybean milk is old stuff in China—but it never was very palatable. That's changing for the better, too, in both the United States and China. Two years ago, at Kutsing, a refugee center deep in the interior of China, an American-educated Chinese girl opened a soybean dairy. China Child Welfare, Inc., of New York, sponsored her project. The soybean milk is made by grinding and boiling the beans, straining off the liquid, and adding calcium acetate and sugar. The result is a substitute milk at

* See *Henry Ford on Plastics*, by William L. Stidger, in *THE ROTARIAN* for February, 1943. See also *Automobiles and Soybeans*, an interview with Mr. Ford, in *THE ROTARIAN* for September, 1933.

The Radiant Way

*Unfortunate is he
Who has not known
The joy of dew-wet fields,
Traversed alone;*

*Who has not felt cool stone
Beneath his feet;
The hurt of pain when flesh
And brier meet;*

*Who has not purified
His hands in sod—
He has not fully known
The peace of God!*

—MADGE GORDON WEAVER

less than one-tenth the cost of cow's milk. The by-product of soybean milk is richer in protein than meat. Mixed with wheat flour, it makes palatable cakes. The milk and cakes combined provide a well-balanced diet at a cost of less than 2 cents a day. It is ventures like this that lead many to believe the soybean, when fully utilized, can be the salvation of China's always-hungry, half-starved millions.

Thousands of Americans have yet to take their first look at a soybean, in spite of the fact that this immigrant legume had soared by 1936 to become the nation's fourth-ranking cash crop. Most visitors to the Chicago Board of Trade are astonished to learn that there is more trading in soybeans than in anything else the Board handles. What was always the corn pit—second only to the wheat pit in size and frenzy—is now the soybean pit. Corn—right in the heart of the corn belt—has been crowded into smaller quarters.

Most of the American soybeans are grown in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, and Ohio. Illinois leads the way and far outstrips the rest. As an indication of how the soybean has come up in the world, Illinois in 1941 raised nine times the amount it produced in 1932. Decatur, Illinois, is known as the soybean capital of the United States.

Almost as hardy as weeds, this tough little plant withstands both drought and flood and survives disasters that play havoc with other crops. Heavy rains in 1941 buried some Illinois fields until nothing could be seen but flood water. When the floods receded, the beans, equipped by Nature with a tight waterproof shell and a resilient disposition, seemed to have sustained only slight damage from their ducking and went on about their business. It was the same during the merciless drought of 1936. The corn withered, the young clover died, pastures burned brown—but the soybeans came through in good shape.

Soybeans have still another recommendation as a wartime crop—they don't take much labor. They are planted, they grow, and that's that. Harvesting is relatively simple, thanks to the tractor-driven combine. There are no shocking and binding. The beans are cut and threshed in one operation. All this counts double when the hired man's away driving a jeep instead of a tractor. Soybeans take less of a farmer's time than almost anything he can raise—and, besides, they leave his soil stronger than they found it.

The Axis seems to be in pretty good shape for the soybean phase of the war. None of the foreign soybeans, however, has the quality of those grown in America, and American processing plants are believed equal to anything that can be matched against them. In the battle of soybeans in the years ahead the United

THE ROMANCE OF LITTLE SOY BEAN, THE IMMIGRANT BOY WHO GREW UP



Little Soy Bean, a comparatively recent immigrant from China, gets a job as waiter in the Ancient and Honorable American Food Products club and soon is filling rush orders for such distinguished members as the Hon. Mr. Wheat, the Hon. Mr. Corn, the Hon. Messrs. Oats and Alfalfa, as well as Col. Cotton, Judge Tobacco, and other members. Having ancestries going deep into the past, they slightly high hat little Soy, not dreaming that he is the hero of a book on materia medica written nearly 5,000 years ago by the learned Emperor Shen Nung.



Twenty years hurry past. Little Soy Bean has grown up. Instead of hustling rush orders for the members of the A. H. A. F. P. club he has become a 100 percent American, saying "yeah" and "so what" and wearing Clark Gable abbreviated side whiskers. Also he is a member of the club.



By virtue of industry, intelligence, and aggressiveness he soon becomes the most versatile of all the members, all of whom spend much of their time admiring his many and amazing range of accomplishments.

States can more than hold its own.

While most of the soybean flour made in the past few months has gone abroad, it is now being adopted here and there across the United States as a supplement for meat, especially in public institutions and school-lunch programs. Obviously, if it can fight hunger abroad, it can fight hunger at home. Sausage such as that being prepared for Great Britain, with six Chicago packing houses turning it out by the ton, is 25 percent cheaper than ordinary sausage, and yet the protein content is said to be nearly 50 percent higher. Soybean flour at 6 cents a pound replaces pork or beef at several times that price.

A saving such as that would still not bring meat products within the reach of every purse, but it would do a lot of good to countless family budgets. It points the way to doing something constructive about that "one-third of the nation" said to be underfed and undernourished.

Meanwhile, the soybean is proving more and more valuable in war—and there is a pleasant irony in that. This "eighth wonder of the world," as a pioneer British soybean man called it years ago, is an Asiatic plant, and many American varieties come from Japan. That is a fact which must produce bitter thoughts on yonder side of the Pacific.

Mail Is a Munition

[Continued from page 22]

one soldier, and Fort Devens, Massachusetts, received 1,400 letters addressed to a soldier no one at Devens or in the War Department had ever heard of. Organized letter writing of this sort is a headache—the soldiers don't care for letters from strangers, and the War Department urges that people write only to soldiers whom they know.

The Army gives each soldier, on arrival overseas, a cable code number. This is included on the "change of address" card which is sent to his loved ones and friends. A cable can be sent to or by any soldier in the Atlantic or Pacific areas for 60 cents if one of the 136 form messages available at any U. S. telegraph office is used. These cover almost every conceivable contingency: "Love and kisses"; "Are you all right?"; "worried about you"; "Son born"; and so on. Last November the Army Post Office in New York sent through 40,000 such cables.

If some of the vast, affection-laden flood of mail is delayed and if some of it never gets through, the fault is hardly ever that of the Postal Services of the Army and Navy, which are largely manned by experienced former employees of the U. S. Post Office Department. The largest Army post office—that in New York City—has a staff of more than 1,000 officers and men.

Delayed and missent mail is usually the result of the carelessness and mistakes of the home folks. About 10 percent of Army-Navy mail is improperly addressed. Last October the New York Port of Embarkation Post Office handled 379,800 misaddressed letters and 7,280 improperly addressed parcels for men overseas. To run down and correct such mistakes require the full time of 100 men. Ninety-five percent of the mistakes are corrected, but the mail is delayed. The American Base Post Office in Britain has 250 women working on misaddressed mail. In Australia are three shifts working on it 24 hours a day. If it is possible, Army Postal will see that the mail finds the man—but it won't reach him so promptly as if it were properly addressed.

It is not for lack of precaution by the service postal authorities that mail to men overseas is misaddressed or missent. Before leaving their Army base in the United States, soldiers are given enough "change of address" cards to send one to each of their regular correspondents. Each soldier writes on that card the exact address which, thereafter, should be used: his name, rank, serial number, the name of his unit, his Army Post Office (APO) number, and "Care New York City Postmaster" (or San Francisco, if he is in the Pacific area).

To insure prompt delivery, the address should include all that information, legibly written.

Mail is first sorted by its APO number and then by company, regiment, or comparable unit. The serial number is important since there may be several John Smiths with the same APO number in the same unit. And if the APO number is omitted, the letter or parcel must be held up until the alphabetical personnel files are thumbed through and the number is found and added.

Every large port post office of both Army and Navy has a staff of men to repack and rewrap inadequately packaged tokens of love from home—a pathetic welter of battered cakes, crumbled cookies, melted chocolates, socks, framed photographs, and scores of other things. An officer in the Fleet Post Office in San Francisco told me of an angel-food cake which twice crossed the continent in a sailor's wake and finally caught up with him in Bermuda—with \$9 postage due.

Under a recent regulation, no more packages may be sent to troops overseas unless they contain an article that has been requested by the soldier, and unless the request has been approved in writing by his commander. You must present both the request and the commanding officer's approval to your post office.

The reason for this is that people were sending troops things that were either provided by the Army or could be bought more cheaply at post exchanges. For example, 20 percent of the packages

to soldiers contained cigarettes, which troops overseas can buy for 5 cents or 6 cents a pack in most PX's. An Army Postal Service officer in Africa who opened a Christmas package from his wife found 500 V-mail forms. He already had 50,000 of them for distribution.

To keep men up to date on home-town news, many civilians have sent newspapers overseas. They take much badly needed cargo space; often they are poorly wrapped; and reports, particularly from combat areas, indicate that they are only sketchily read. Hence the Army and Navy now stipulate that newspapers and magazines may be mailed to soldiers only by the publishers.

The safest, speediest letter service to men overseas is V-mail, a method of sending letters modelled on the British "Airgraph Letters." It was launched last June and about one million V-letters are delivered every week. It is now the only mail service by air to and from men overseas.

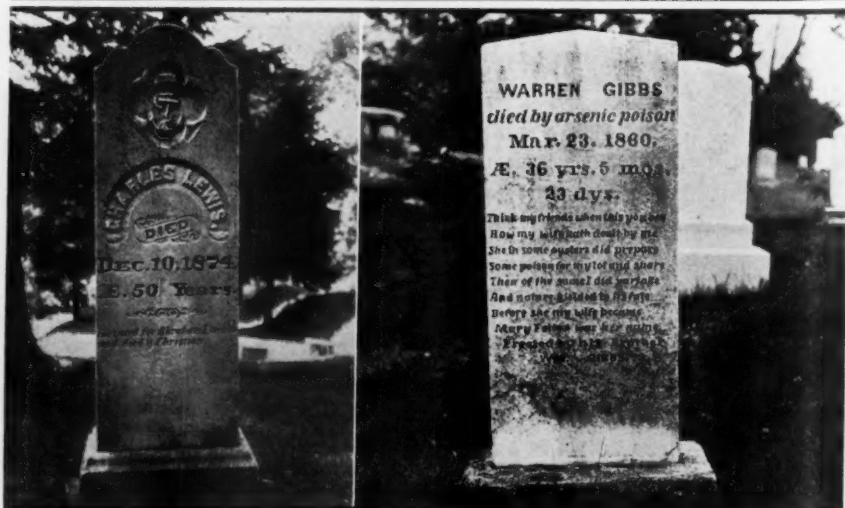
Its advantages are numerous. Instead of forwarding the letter itself, the APO has it photographed on 16-millimeter microfilm, one 90-foot roll of which will contain miniature reproductions of 1,700 V-letters and weighs only five and one-half ounces. To transport 1,700 ordinary, one-page letters, which weigh 16 pounds, would require 34 times as much cargo space.

After crossing the ocean and arriving at a V-mail station, a photographic enlargement of each letter is made, sealed in an envelope, and delivered to the person to whom it is addressed.

In the port Post Office in New York, V-mail is sent out every hour to be photographed and is back within about six hours, ready to be forwarded. The same

Odd Shots

Can you match the photo below for uniqueness, human interest, coincidence, or just plain out-of-the-ordinary-ness? Then send it to the Editors of *The Rotarian*. You will receive a check for \$3 if your "odd shot" is used. But remember—it must be different!



IN CEMETERIES in Oswego, N. Y. (left), and South Pelham, Mass. (right), were found these informative grave markers of other days by the camera of Robert E. Pike, of Great Bend, Pa.



What did *you* do today ... for Freedom?

Today, at the front, he died ... Today, what did *you* do?
Next time you see a list of dead and wounded, ask yourself:

"What have *I* done today for freedom?

What can I do tomorrow that will *save* the lives of
men like this and help them win the war?"

To help you to do your share, the Government has organized the Citizens Service Corps as a part of local Defense Councils, with some war task or responsibility for every man, woman and child. Probably such a Corps is already at work in your community. If not, help to start one. A free booklet available through this magazine will tell you what to do and how to do it. Go into action today, and get the satisfaction of doing a needed war job well!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

CONTRIBUTED BY THE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS OF AMERICA.

schedule for incoming V-letters is maintained in the U. S. and at the processing depots overseas where letters are reproduced for delivery to soldiers.

To insure safe delivery, the originals of all V-letters are kept at the port post office until word is received of the microfilms' safe arrival overseas. If the microfilms are lost in transit, the port post office makes duplicates and sends them on.

Recently in Great Britain a quantity of V-mail was ready to be sent, but no planes were to fly west for a number of days, so it was sent by a speedy ship. The ship was torpedoed. The mail got into a neutral port and was there held up while negotiations went on. Meanwhile in Britain the originals were reprocessed and rushed to America by plane. The neutrals can sit on that mail as long as they wish!

To use V-mail, simply ask for a V-mail form at your local post office or stationer, write your message on it, address carefully, put a 3-cent stamp on it (or 6 cents if you want it to go by air to the New York or San Francisco APO), and mail it as you would any other let-

ter. Use typewriter, ink, or pencil; but the blacker, the better, because faint writing does not photograph clearly. If your message requires more than one form, number the additional ones in sequence; regulations require that each be mailed separately as if it were a complete letter. V-mail, like all other mail to and from troops overseas, is subject to censorship.

Last October the U.S.O. in San Francisco received a packet of several hundred "letters" without envelopes, written to home folks by marines on Guadalcanal. Writing paper and envelopes had run out, so they used mud-spattered Chinese rice paper, and scraps of wrapping paper bound together with adhesive tape. The Marine chaplain on Guadalcanal had sent the bundle to the U.S.O. with the request that the letters be enveloped, addressed, and mailed—which they promptly were.

"The mail," said a Navy postal officer, "is a valuable munition of war, and we treat it as such."

So, when you write a cheerful letter to your soldiers, you're really "passing the ammunition."

Indian Independence: When?

[Continued from page 30]

affected by hundreds of thousands of Indian officials, trained in Western methods of administration and of the same race and religion as the people they govern. In all personal matters, such as marriage, inheritance, and property, the customary laws of the people concerned are applied. In other matters, the law administered is, like the law in the United States, based on English common law.

The numbers, status, and training of the Indian officials, both judicial and executive, are such that the administrative machine can function without the slightest interruption or disturbance when Indian independence is achieved. The small British supervisory staff has been gradually reduced during the past 30 years, and its numbers are now so negligible as to give no support to any suggestion that the people of India are oppressed or downtrodden by the British.

The same conclusion is derived from a consideration of the numbers of the British Army in India. The peacetime strength of the British Army in India is 70,000. This works out to a proportion of one British soldier to each 5,400 of the population. Such a proportion could never defend a regime of oppression. If the Indian people had any consciousness of being oppressed, the British element in the Indian Army would have to be increased manyfold. Its insignificant number in comparison with the population demonstrates that Brit-

ish rule in India is based on the contentment or—if that term is considered too complacent—on the indifference of the masses of the Indian peoples, despite 40 years of strenuous and not too scrupulous agitation on the part of the small but extremely vocal politically conscious element of the Indian people.

During World War I, in recognition of her great services to the British Commonwealth, India was promised a substantial installment of self-government. The undertaking given was completely fulfilled. A system of administration known as "dyarchy," under which about half the functions of government were transferred to Indian control, was established in 1920. Legislative assemblies, democratically elected, wielding large executive powers, were created to control and administer these transferred functions.

Simultaneously, India was given control of her tariffs, a control which was exercised relentlessly against imports from Britain. In particular, the British steel and cotton industries were most adversely affected by Indian tariffs. A country having the power to raise a tariff barrier against the industries of the mother country cannot be regarded as oppressed or downtrodden.

Ten years later, in 1930, the British Government appointed a Roundtable Conference comprising representatives of all the diverse racial and religious sections of India, and entrusted it with the task of working out a constitution

for the self-government of India. The conference proceedings were free from British influence or control. It sat for three years—1930, 1931, and 1932—but failed in that lengthy period to produce a workable constitution. The only proposal worked out in any detail was that of the Congress party. Though membership of the party is nominally open to all, it is actually organized and controlled by the leading Hindu castes. Caste is the religious, industrial, and social framework of the Hindu peoples. It is essentially nondemocratic, or, more correctly, antidemocratic. Its impassable barriers between the various castes, its contemptuous and repellent denial of the normal rights of humanity to the Indian outcastes, and its limitation of the conception of the brotherhood of man to the brotherhood of caste are the antitheses of democracy. The Congress leaders have applied the rigorous discipline of caste to make the party one of the best organized and most efficient political parties in the world.

The constitution for India proposed by the Congress party would have placed the whole of the peoples of India under rigorous caste control. The three remaining groups at the Roundtable Conference—the Mohammedans representing 87 million people, the Indian rulers governing 95 million, and the outcastes or untouchables, now called the depressed classes, representing 45 million—vehemently repudiated the Congress scheme.

The Mohammedans, at that time contributing more than 60 percent of the fighting forces of the Indian Army, threatened to fight rather than submit to the Congress constitution. The native rulers, governing, independently of Britain, a quarter of the Indian population, held Britain to her treaties with them, and refused to allow British obligations under such treaties to be transferred to a Congress-governed India. The depressed classes, released by British administration from the misery and degradation imposed upon them by the caste system, begged Britain not to forsake them.

The failure of the Roundtable Conference in 1932 demonstrated conclusively that, great as had been the progress toward unity under British administration, India had not yet been welded into a nation. Inability to devise a constitution for its own government was a convincing proof of inability to perform the much more difficult task of operating a constitution efficiently. All peoples have their differences and their quarrels, but India provided a unique example of a people claiming to be united, and yet unable to accept self-government when freely offered to them. The Roundtable Conference proved that any unity that India had attained was provided by British ad-

ministration, and that, divorced from Britain, India would split up into divergent and irreconcilable elements. In short, India was not a nation. It was still only a geographical expression, and a geographical expression cannot exercise political independence.

It was obvious that the acceptance of the Congress proposals by Britain in 1932 would have resulted in civil war. Britain proceeded to transfer to the democratic Provincial Assemblies, created by the system of dyarchy in 1920, the complete system of internal self-government. The result was somewhat similar to the governments of the separate States in the United States. The Indian Provincial Assemblies had rather more power than the legislatures of the American State governments, because they controlled the executive branches of the administration as well as its legislation. The expanded system of self-government came into operation in 1937.

PROVISION was made in the Government of India Act of 1935 to Indianize the Central or Federal Government as soon as sufficient unity to allow such a government to operate should be achieved. Representative Indians were also added to the Viceroy's Council so that Indian opinion should be brought to bear on the Central Government.

India's acceptance of this substantial extension of democratic government was short lived. In 1939 the Congress party ordered the provincial governments to cease to function. Eight out of eleven governments obeyed this imperious behest. This confirmed to the fullest extent the fears expressed by the Mohammedans, the Indian princes, and the depressed classes at the Round-table Conference. These eight governments, placed in authority by the powerful Congress organization, recognized that they were controlled by the Congress party and not by their constituents.

The two years of Congress rule in the Indian Provinces from 1937 to 1939 had most unexpected reactions when Sir Stafford Cripps made the offer of Indian independence after the war, on behalf of the British Government. The Mohammedans, the Indian princes, and the depressed classes found Congress government even more bitter than they had anticipated. Their antagonism to Congress resulted in antagonism to the Cripps proposals. Thanks to two years' experience of Congress rule in the Provinces, India was further from unity in 1942 than in 1932. Indian independence had less chance of acceptance in 1942 than it had ten years earlier. India is now no nearer to nationhood, an essential condition if India is to claim to be included in the terms of the Atlantic Charter. It is Indian disunity, India's failure to assume the responsibilities of nationhood, and not Mr. Winston

Churchill, which excludes India from that charter of freedom and independence.

Gandhi finally defeated the Cripps mission by mistakenly assuming that Britain was down and out. Thinking that Japan would actually invade India, he persuaded Congress to demand immediate independence for India so that he could negotiate directly with Japan. That ended the Cripps mission.

India had failed again. But worse was to follow. A foolish plan for mass rebellion under the camouflage of the unmeaning term "nonviolent resistance" led to the arrest of Gandhi and the Congress leaders implicated in the plot. Riots followed, but their routine and uniform nature indicated they were the belated attempts of a few to put into operation the plot which had been frustrated. It is interesting to note that the arrest of the Congress leaders was the result of a decision of the Council of State comprising 11 Indians and one Englishman.

An unexpected reaction to the failure of the Cripps mission and the arrest of the Congress leaders was the increase of voluntary recruiting for the Indian Army from 50,000 a month to 80,000 a month. So far from being liable to invasion, the improved situation permitted India to shift from a defensive to an offensive attitude.

India is not, like China, a nation; and the heroic example of China fighting for national freedom cannot be applied to India. The various sections comprising India have unduly divergent conceptions of freedom. If they cannot unite to accept independence freely offered as a gift, it is improbable that they would unite to fight for it. A free India would be more likely to follow the example of a free Siam, and surrender her independence without firing a shot. We

have Gandhi's authority for this conclusion.

Indian independence: when? If only Britain were concerned, it would be possible to reply, "As soon as the war is over." But India also is concerned, and India may fail as she did in 1932, in 1939, and in 1942. The answer really depends on a bewildered, distracted, disunited India, groping ineffectually after a nationhood that continues to elude her.

When war ceases, when peace arrives, will India have achieved the unity and display the statesmanship to work out a constitution that will enshrine her independence? Or will the world still be asking: "Indian independence! When?"

More Light on India

End note For further light on the problem which has been debated by Mr. Sinha and Sir Charles Morgan-Webb, these books may be helpful to fuller understanding:

Pro—

Warning to the West, by Krishnalal Shridharani (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, New York, \$2.50).

Our India, by Minocheher Rustum Masani (Oxford University Press, \$1.75).

India without Fable, by Kate Louise Mitchell (Knopf, New York, \$2.50).

Con—

What Does Gandhi Want?, by T. A. Raman (Oxford University Press, \$1.25).

The Cripps Mission, by R. Coupland (Oxford University Press, 75c).

Nationalism and Reform in India, by William Roy Smith (Yale University Press, \$5).

The question of Indian independence is one of many that will be considered the first week of this month by Rotary Clubs following the suggestions of the *Program Worksheet* (Form 251), for "What about Small Nations and Colonies?" is proposed as the program topic for that week.

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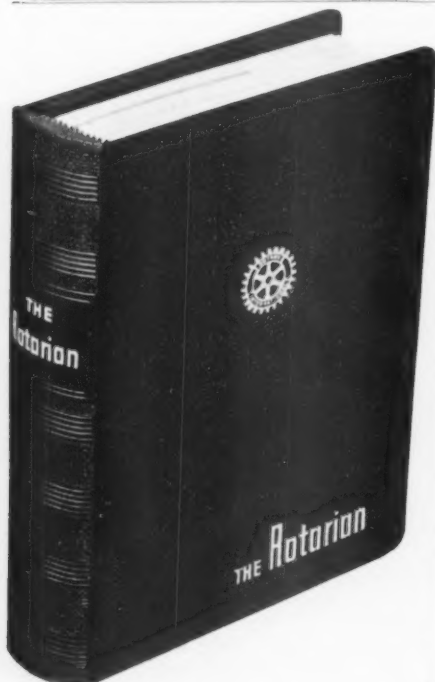
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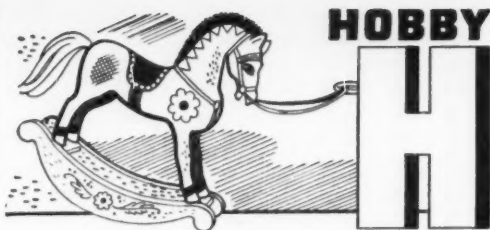
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HOBBY

itching Post

WHILE THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM is out painting the stables—with broad strokes of a wide brush—he turns the keys over to ROTARIAN ERNEST J. SWEETLAND, of San Francisco, California, who tells how painting became one of his two hobbies. The other—playing the violin—is another story, which he may tell us some other day.

IT HAPPENED just after Christmas-time, at our old home in Pennsylvania. The tree hadn't yet been taken down, and the children's gifts were scattered around the floor. Snow was falling, as it had been steadily, and it was piled high in the street and yard. The children pressed their faces against the windowpanes and made fun of the tall, white hats on the fenceposts. It was the sort of day when one most appreciates a well-filled larder and the warmth of a comfortable home.

But we had been getting a little too much of home. As though the snow was not enough to keep us in the house, our front and back doors had been posted with large red signs which read: "Quarantined—Scarlet Fever." Kathryn, our oldest daughter, was isolated upstairs, and what with the snow and quarantine the rest of us were pretty much isolated, too.

The well children—six of them—were scampering about the living-room noisily in that state of exuberance which is bound to result from well-filled tummies and an excess of unused energy. They were getting a bit out of hand, and I was looking for some pastime that

might tend to be easier on my nerves. Each minute the youngsters seemed to find ways to make bigger and better noises. I was on the verge of giving up when I spied the walnut box of oil paints I had bought for Bill.

"Bill," I said, "why haven't you tried out the new box of paints you got for Christmas?"

"I'm waiting for you to show me how to paint a picture, Daddy," was his reply.

Bill's remark was a challenge. Once or twice in my earlier life I had painted a bathroom. I remembered, too, that once I painted a kitchen ceiling—and got most of the paint up my sleeve; but as for painting a picture—well, that was something else.

But one mustn't disappoint his children. It was up to me to make good—or at least to make a try at it. I explained that painting pictures was an art which required much study and practice, and that I knew nothing about it; but with Bill pressing the paintbox into my hands and Jack unwrapping the package of canvas-covered boards, they soon had me started.

We had lots of fun with our preliminary dabbling. There was something soothing and delightful in blending the smooth colors with the blade of the palette knife. Each new experiment in color was an adventure, like finding a rare wild flower in the woods.

Teddy contributed his mite by climbing up on a chair and taking a character doll from the mantel. The doll apparently was made to represent a be-whiskered Russian peasant, a fierce-looking fellow with beady black eyes and oversize white teeth. We posed him against the table lamp and I went to work. His piebald costume lent itself well to our undertaking, and to my surprise and greatly to my satisfaction, I soon found it quite easy to match the bright colors of his coat and baggy trousers. But what was still more surprising, I found that after some two hours of delightful pastime we had a fair picture of our fierce-looking peasant friend.

The following Spring I related my experience to a friend of mine who was interested, as an amateur, in landscape painting. He invited me to go out in the country with him the following weekend and try my hand at a landscape. I did, and I have been lastingly grateful to him. He gave me a few pointers and started me on my way. I still have the sketch of a Pennsylvania barn which I made on that crisp Spring afternoon. Of course, it never hung in the



ROTARIAN E. J. Sweetland and one of his paintings of the landscape about his old home in Pennsylvania—this subject: *The Old Barn*.



THE first painting and model who "sat" for it.

National Academy, but it was a start on a hobby that has brought me hundreds of hours of delightful pastime.

As a boy, ROTARIAN SAMUEL D. BOGAN, of New Haven, Connecticut, once found an Indian arrowhead in a newly plowed potato field. The rest of that Summer he eagerly, to the amazement of his family, hoed and weeded that patch, and was rewarded by finding three more flint points.

That started his interest in archaeology, which continues to this day. He has discovered a number of long-deserted Indian villages, but still is attracted to potato patches—always hoping to find more arrowheads.

ROTARIAN ERNEST E. MILLER, of Beeville, Texas, collects unusual calling cards (see cut) on which the name of



ONE of E. E. Miller's "rebus" calling cards.

the person is represented by some symbol instead of letters. He should be happy to exchange specimens with other Rotarians who have such items.

AS THE hobbyhorses wove about complacently on their tethers the other day, THE GROOM suddenly turned up a hobby story about weaving. It was by the REV. GLEN A. BLACKBURN, a former Rotarian of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan (see cut at right). And here it is.

When golfing, fishing, and hunting are out of season, and bridge and cribbage hang heavily on your hands, you cannot afford to overlook weaving as an instructive, fascinating, and productive hobby. Don't smirk derisively and say that the shuttle is only for the hand of the fair sex. All the great weavers of the early days were men; in fact, the

guild of weavers was the most ancient and highly respected of all the craft guilds.

My interest in weaving developed from a request from a young people's club for something to undertake as a group project. I never had held a shuttle in my hand, and I never had seen a hand loom in operation, but I did know that there was such a thing as hand weaving and that thousands of persons were taking it up as an instructive and even profitable hobby. Therefore, I suggested it.

New interest has been aroused in the club since weaving has become its chief activity, and I, personally, have found it to be a healing surcease from the tangled threads of parish activities to ply the tranquil shuttle among the well-ordered threads of a loom.

Anyone with enough ability to lace his shoes or string up a fishing rod can learn to weave the simpler patterns in a few hours; and those with a slight aptitude for sawing and planing can make their own loom for a few dollars.

What's Your Hobby?

By making it known to THE GROOM, and permitting him to publish it here, you may widen your hobby contacts manifold. There is no charge. The only requirement: that you be a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family. The only request: that you answer letters from other hobbyists.

Buttons: Mrs. R. F. Raddin (wife of Rotarian—collects old buttons; will exchange), Box 62, Orleans, Mass., U.S.A.

Stamp: Correspondence: Brent Gibson (17-year-old son of Rotarian—collects stamps; also interested in carrying on correspondence with anyone so desiring), 53 Smith Ave., Truro, N. S., Canada.

Heraldry: Ben S. Millikan (interested in study of coats of arms, their interpretation, their meaning, when used), Covina, Calif., U.S.A.

Fiddling: Lee G. Allen, M.D. (makes hobby of "fiddling," or old-time music; wishes to hear from others similarly interested), 400 Monroe St., Litchfield, Ill., U.S.A.

Model Railroad: Lawrence D. Wheeler (interested in model railroads; collects pictures of trains), 416 Main St., Joplin, Mo., U.S.A.

Miniature Horses, Skunks: Barbara Beaumont (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—collects miniature horses and skunks; also bridle rosettes with horses' heads, and data on helicopters. Will correspond with others same age), 314 Clinton St., Penn Yan, N. Y., U.S.A.

Jokes: Fred P. Rossiter (collects humorous stories; will exchange), Box 1081, Route 1, Vista, Calif., U.S.A.

Postmarks: Robert S. Calhoun (collects postmarks), 100 S. Clifton Ave., Aldan, Pa., U.S.A.

Match Covers: Jean B. Lambert (daughter of Rotarian—collects matchbook covers), 113 Court St., Houlton, Me., U.S.A.

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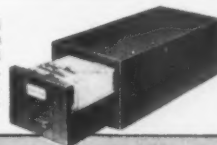
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"ANY color will do. I'm not particular."

My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago. The following story comes from Mrs. George Petroff, the wife of a member of the Rotary Club of Benton, Illinois.

A father and his young son were walking one day when the boy asked how electricity went through the wires. "Don't know," said the father. "Never knew much about electricity."

A little while later the boy asked what caused lightning and thunder. "To tell the truth," said the father, "I never exactly understood that myself."

"Say, Pop," began the lad after a while. "Oh, well—never mind."

"Go ahead," said the father, "ask questions. Ask a lot of questions. How else do you think you are going to learn anything?"

Procrastination

Procrastination is a maid
Of beauty and of charm,
She's fascinated me for weeks,
Has done me lots of harm.

Kept me from writing to my friends,
From things I should have done,
Just trailing round with her—sweet thing,
Having a lot of fun.

But I have made a firm resolve,
No more I'll heed her smile,
No more I'll list her honeyed words,
Nor let her charms beguile.

I'll write my friends, attend my job,
No more with maids I'll play,
I'll cut it out forever more,
Or maybe for a day.

—SPENCER M. FREE

Abitofenigma

My first is in bad, but not in good;
My second in turban, but not in hood;
My third is in town, but not in village;
My fourth is in thief, but not in pillage;
My fifth is in earl, but not in count;
My sixth is in stream, but not in fount;
My seventh in cat, but not in dog;
My eighth is in cloud, but not in fog;
My ninth is in loop, but not in ring;
My whole is a flower that comes in Spring.

Around the World

In the squares below are the names of nine countries from which the 1942-43 officers of Rotary International come. To find them, go from square to square, up, down, across, slanting, never skipping one nor using the same one twice in the same name.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
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| R | C | A | R | U | H |
| E | P | S | O | F | A |

(Mrs. C. W. Hudelson, who submits this puzzle, is the wife of a Bloomington, Illinois, Rotarian.)

For answers, see page 63.

Tales Twice Told

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it.—Shakespeare.

'Sacrifice'

More people have got to enjoy riding in fewer cars.—Rotary Signpost, ASHTABULA, OHIO.

That's Different

Lieutenant (roaring with rage): "Who told you to put those flowers on the table?"

Steward: "The Commander, sir."

Lieutenant: "Very pretty flowers, aren't they?"—Rotary Bulletin, SMETHWICK, ENGLAND.

Relief

The tax assessor's office had to decide on which side of the United States-Canada border an old lady's newly purchased farm lay. Surveyors finally announced it was just inside the United States border.

The old lady smiled in relief. "I'm so glad to know that," she said. "I've

heard that Winters in Canada are terribly severe."—*Rotary Bull'tin*, HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

Bright Side

Most of us envy the fellow who is morally and financially independent enough to stay away from people and places that bore him stiff.—*Rotary Tickler*, CONNEAUT, OHIO.

Reminder

Bore: "Talking about Africa makes me think of the time—"

Bored One: "Good gracious, you're quite right. I had no idea it was so late. Good-by."—*The Hat City Spoke*, DANBURY, CONNECTICUT.

Lesson Learned

Father: "Well, Willie, what did you learn at school today?"

Willie (proudly): "I learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, ma'am.'"

Father: "You did?"

Willie: "Yeah!"—*Round and Round*, WICHITA, KANSAS.

Irrepressible

Then there was the case of the man who went mad trying to understand the Einstein theory. When they tried to put him in a strait jacket, he said there was no such thing; it was slightly curved.—*Dublin Opinion*, IRELAND.

Ready to Move In

Dad: "What type of young man is this new friend of yours?"

Daughter: "Well, he says he has always wanted a good home."

Dad: "That sounds promising."

Daughter: "Yes, and he likes ours."—*Christian Science Monitor*.

Attention, Plxasx!

Here is a letter that very effectively speaks for itself. It was written to a typewriter company:

"Gxntlxmxn: Wx hxrxy wish to acknowledge rxcept of your shipmxnt of onx of your xtra-spccially quixt typwritxrs. Howxvvr, upon opnxng thx shipmxnt wx found that for thx timx bxng wx shall bx sorxly handicappd. In gxnral, thx typwritxr is in pxfct mxchanical condition xxxcpt for onx dxtail. Through somx rror of assmblng thxrx sxms to bx a rathxr xmbarrassing omission—thxrx is no lxttr on thx machinx for 'x,' thx fifth lxttr of thx alphabxt. Will you plxasx bx so

kind xithxr to sxnd us anothxr machinx, or havx this onx sxrvicd as soon as possibl. Sincxrxly, Xric Wxlls, prxsidnt, Thx Xxcxlslor Xpxrss Co."—*Weekly Luncheon Notice*, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

Well, Isn't It?

An emergency is a state of excitement in which everybody is supposed to remain calm.—*Rotary Hub*, HORNELL, NEW YORK.

\$\$\$\$\$

If you want \$2, you can get them—by sending the best line to complete the unfinished limerick shown below. Just address your entry—or entries—to The Fixer, in care of "The Rotarian" Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Your line—or line\$—must be received by May 1.—Gear\$ Ed\$.

Blake's Break

There's no one who's finer than Blake—The kind who will give you a break.

If help's what you need,
He's there with a deed,

Want a suggestion or two or three on rhyme words? Consider, if you wish, ache, cake, lake, quake, rake, sake, shake, stake. This is an easy one!

No Woe for Joe

Into a busy world last December came a fellow by the name of Joe Hoe. He was greeted by the readers of the December *ROTARIAN*, many of whom added a line to an unfinished limerick about him. Of the lines submitted, one from Frederick Bell, of Toronto, Ontario, Canada, was selected as most descriptive and appropriate. Here it is:

You cannot help liking Joe Hoe,
His spirits are never down loe,
He'll do more than the rest
With zip, spirit, and zest,
He'll give the go sign to your woe.

Answers to Puzzles on Page 62

ABITOFENIGMA: Buttercup.
AROUND THE WORLD: 1. Switzerland (C. J. Steiger). 2. United States (Porter W. Carswell, Rufus F. Chapin, Tom J. Davis, Fred L. Haas, Philip Lovejoy, Harry D. Poulston, Datus E. Proper, J. Raymond Tiffany). 3. England (Percy H. W. Almy). 4. Canada (Norman G. Foster). 5. South Africa (Richard R. Currie). 6. Lebanon (Francis A. Ketaneh). 7. Peru (Fernando Carbajal). 8. Chile (Armando Hamel). 9. Cuba (Manuel Galigarcia).



PROGRAM MATERIAL

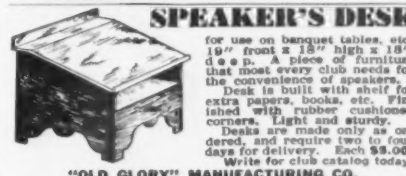
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The Four Objects OF Rotary

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise, in particular to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.

(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occu-

pation as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal business, and community life.

(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

Last Page Comment

APRIL 14 IS A DATE to paste in your hat—that is, if you are one of those who think that Pan-American Day stands for something important. A growing number of folk do. In the glare of the fires licking at civilization itself, they see more clearly the need for what Rotary calls “international understanding, goodwill, and peace” among the nations of the New World. And understanding starts with just such simple things as Carleton Beals describes in his article, elsewhere in this issue. Unfortunately they’re often forgotten by the traveller.

AUTUMN IS STARTING in Australia and Argentina and other lands below the equatorial belt. But scores and hundreds of Rotary Clubs in the Northern Hemisphere have already begun to talk about, if not actually to start, war-garden projects. Every town has its vacant lots. It is surprising how many vegetables can be raised on them. But when school children are organized to do the planting and hoeing, perhaps the most important crop isn’t the cabbages and potatoes, but the by-product of tanned bodies and young minds activated with the satisfaction of making a contribution to the cause for which big brothers and fathers fight.

Gardens aren’t the only timely project for Rotary Clubs to undertake this month. The “1943 Victory Book” campaign won’t close in the United States until March 15.* The drive for scrap continues everywhere. An appeal is out for musical instruments to be sent to war prisoners.† And if you’d

* Sponsored by American Library Association, American Red Cross, and United Service Organizations: headquarters, Empire State Bldg., New York, N. Y.
† Address: War Prisoners’ Aid, Y.M.C.A., 45 West 46th Street, New York, N. Y.

like to make up a longer list of what Rotarians *can* do, because other Rotarians *are* doing it, turn to page 46 *et seq.*

SOON EVERY ROTARIAN in the world will receive from Rotary International a card bearing

‘Four-Way Test’

1. Is it the truth?
2. Is it fair to all concerned?
3. Will it build goodwill for the company and better friendships for our personnel?
4. Will it be profitable for all concerned?

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the “Four-Way Test.” There’s nothing magic about it, yet men and women and institutions that conscientiously use it as a guide in their relations with others experience proof of the truth in Rotary’s motto, “He Profits Most Who Serves Best.”

There’s a tremendously interesting story back of the “Four-Way Test,” but it’s much too long to repeat here. You’ll find it in two articles already published in *THE ROTARIAN*. One is *Broke in 1933; On Top in 1941*, by William F. McDermott, and the other is *Making Jobs for Unneeded Salesmen*, by Walter B. Pitkin, appearing in the March and July, 1942, issues respectively.

A SCRAWLY, PENNED letter bearing a “Suid-Afrika” air-mail stamp has just come in. A South African soldier, on duty in North Africa, wants to know more about hydroponics (dirtless farming), described in *THE ROTARIAN*

for July, 1939. Evidently some Rotarians—perhaps you—included a batch of old ROTARIANS in a magazine collection sent to soldiers. What interests us most, however, is that our Suid-Afrika correspondent is thinking, even in the midst of a tough campaign, of the day when ack-ack guns will be recast into pruning hooks and jeeps will be melted down into the post-war equivalent of plowshares. The boys in there scrapping aren’t doing it just to win a war. They’re doing it to win a new and a better way of living.

THAT SCIENCE will shape it is obvious—unless every straw-in-the-wind is headed the wrong way. Old men and women in their 20’s can recall the thrill that came when the first airplane crossed the Atlantic; but today trans-Atlantic round trips are a commonplace and only a few days ago Churchill and Roosevelt flew to a rendezvous at Casablanca. Wood substituting for metals, plastics having a thousand uses, soybeans providing food, drink, clothing, and what not—such facts have their social implications. It was a very wise man who observed that the Russian Revolution did not start when czarism was dethroned, rather when the tractor was introduced to the Russian peasant.

‘PUTTING SCIENCE TO WORK’ is the theme of a series currently running in this magazine. It bears down on the theme that technology must ultimately be put to work for the welfare of humanity. Science can do much to alleviate material differences in which lie seeds of future quarrels among nations. It can enrich the living of individuals. It will do this *if* its potentialities are understood and are controlled by men of goodwill. That’s the formula that must be worked into any post-war political machinery that will realize the objectives of the Atlantic Charter. If they are not achieved, a victorious military decision in World War II will be as futile as that of 1918—for, as our Suid-Afrika soldier knows, no war is won whose peace is lost.

— your Editor



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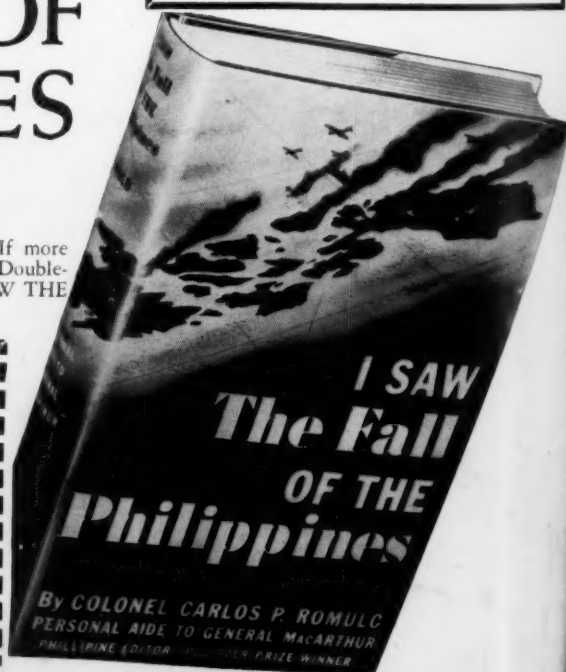
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"Read this book as the story of the 'democracy of filth' on Corregidor and Bataan, where Filipinos and North Americans, fighting, cursing, starving and sleeping side by side, demonstrated the reality and the effectiveness of the democratic dream . . . of a world where character alone counts and race is forgotten."—LEWIS GANNETT, *New York Herald-Tribune*.



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